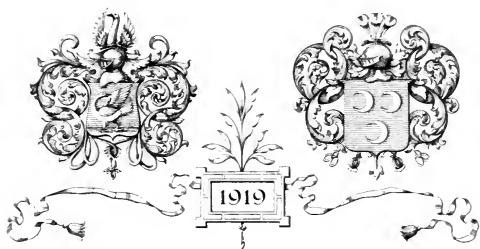


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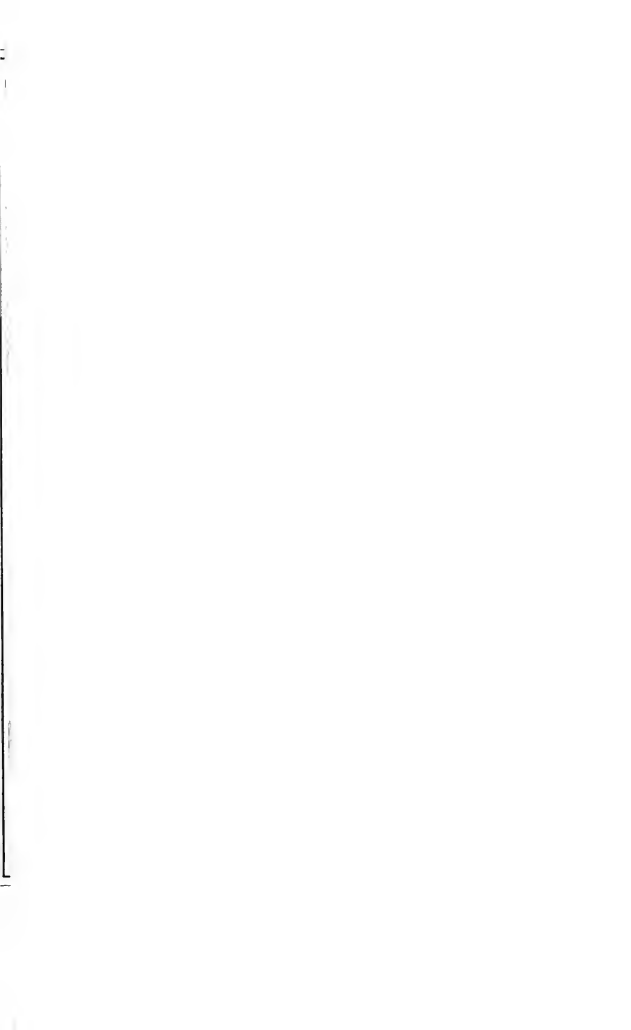
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THE THREE SISTERS.

See page 129.

Henry J. Garrison
For his Weekly Letter
RIGHT IS MIGHT,
1847

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

Illustrated by Samuel Griswold

SORIN AND BALL, PHILADELPHIA.

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RIGHT IS MIGHT;

OR,

THE RIVAL MESSENGERS.

IN the days of the famous Genghis, Khan or King of Tartary, there was one of his princes who ruled over a province at a great distance from the seat of government; and he had, at a certain time, occasion to send a messenger to the Khan, who was then there. The purpose of the message was to communicate some gratifying intelligence, in relation to the conquest of a province of Persia; and the prince knew that whoever should be the bearer of these pleasant tidings, was sure to receive some distinguished mark of royal favor.

In order to provide against the chance of miscarriage, it seemed necessary to despatch two messengers, and by different routes;

one of them leading through a pleasant and peaceful country, the other passing over mountainous regions, inhabited by hostile and warlike tribes.

It was a desirable, though a dangerous mission, and many of the young men of the court and the army, hoped the choice might fall on them. It was, at last, decided that the only son of the prince should be one of the messengers, and that he should take the safer and easier route ; and that a young officer, the son of a peasant, should be the other, and proceed by way of the mountains. They were soon ready and departed upon their expedition, each being provided with a swift courser, and attended by four well-mounted men, skilled in all the arts of war and horsemanship.

Phalax, the son of the prince, took leave of his friends with a haughty confidence of reaching the seat of government before his rival. He not only had an easier and safer route, but he was in fact better mounted ; his horse was of the famous hollow-backed breed, of King Solomon, and

far-famed for its fleetness and endurance. His companions, too, were of the proudest chivalry of Mongolia, all of noble blood, and were in the full flush of youthful manhood. Nothing could exceed the splendor of their equipages, the impatience of their chargers, and the gallant bearing of their riders.

Abdael, the other messenger, was well mounted upon a horse of a celebrated Tartar stock, but the animal was of a humbler line and of less imposing qualities, than the steed of Phalax. His attendants, too, were common soldiers, though of tried valor and long experience.

As the two parties set forth from the palace of the prince, there was a shout among the populace, some calling out, "Phalax! Phalax!" and others, though very few, "Abdael! Abdael!" The superior beauty and splendor of the prince's party, dazzled and pleased the eyes of the unthinking rabble, who are apt to look only at the outside of things. Beside, they had been taught to look upon those of noble blood with respect; and, more than all,

the mass of mankind are apt to be on the side which seems to be that of power, and likely to obtain success. It was for these reasons that the greater portion of the spectators cheered Phalax, while only a few — those who reflected more justly — encouraged Abdael, the humble and more modest of the rival messengers.

As Phalax was about to depart, his princely father beckoned him to his side, and whispered in his ear a single word: "*Success and glory*, my son! May the Father of light bless thee!" It was almost at the same moment, that an old man stood at the side of Abdael. He was evidently poor, for his garments betokened it, but he was still of a respectable mien. "Give me thine ear, Abdael," said he. The young man bent in his saddle. "The chances are against thee, my boy, for the prince has, in his heart, designed thy ruin, and his son's triumph; yet there is one thing thou canst do." "What is it, my father?" said Abdael. "*Thy duty*," was the reply. "It shall be done!" said the young man; and he rode away.

Thus the messengers set forth, guided by different counsels, and influenced by different motives. Phalax was impelled by the thought of *glory and triumph* ; Abdael, by a *sense of duty*. The issue of the story will show that the first is a wavering principle, beaming brightly for a time, like a full lamp, but soon exhausted, and finally going out at the moment of utmost need ; while the other is like a heaven-set star, ever in the same place, and ever leading its votary on in the straight and narrow path of wisdom and safety.

Phalax and his companions dashed on with great ardor, taking the road that led through a series of beautiful valleys. The first day they travelled with the utmost rapidity and diligence, and at evening found themselves far advanced in their journey ; but, on the morrow, they were all stiff and sore ; and the horses were not a little jaded. The next day they went but a short distance, and stopped for the night at a little village. Near by was the palace of a prince, who, hearing of their arrival, invited them to come and see him. Now, the young men knew

that this prince was a great hypocrite, and that, under the guise of friendship to the Khan, he nourished the most deadly hostility. Prudence would have dictated a polite refusal of the invitation, but they were anxious to enjoy the luxuries of the palace ; so they said : “ This act of the prince is too gracious a piece of courtesy to be slighted ; ” and therefore they went to the palace. Here they were entertained with great splendor. A rich banquet was provided, with music and wine, and dancing, and other festivities.

The young men entered heartily into the pleasures of the scene. Phalax drank deeply, and, when he was about to put another goblet to his lips, one of his more discreet companions said, in a whisper, “ Beware ! remember your message ; remember your father’s counsel : ‘ Glory and success.’ ”

“ You are a fool,” said Phalax, already partially intoxicated ; “ I am not so much a dastard as to take a dastard’s advice ! ” and saying this, he drank off the goblet, and, in a short time, fell stupefied beneath the table.

While this was the state of the leader of the party, the rest were little better. They

drank deeply, and, passing into the gardens, where were walks, and fountains, and flowers, and everything to delight the senses, they spent the remainder of the night in debauchery.

It was not till late the third day after the scene we have described, that Phalax and his friends awoke from the deep sleep into which they fell, after their dissipation; for the wine they had drunk, had an infusion in it of a sleepy drug. This had been contrived by the command of the deceitful prince, who, under pretence of hospitality, took this method of thwarting the purpose of the messengers.

Thus Phalax and his party lost two entire days; yet they did not know it. When they recovered, they had their horses saddled, and set out again on their journey. But they were all weary, enfeebled, and out of humor. For some time they rode on in silence. They then began to grumble at one thing and another. At last, the young man who had been insulted by Phalax at the table, spoke to him on the subject. The latter denied the truth of the charge, and insinu-

ated that he never said what was imputed to him. The youth retorted : " Do you call me a liar ? " said he. " I do," said Phalax, fiercely. " You are a coward," said the youth. " Let us prove it ! " said Phalax, in a rage.

It was in vain that the other members of the party interfered to stop the quarrel. Phalax rode apart, brandished his spear, and challenged the offended youth to mortal combat. Quick as lightning, the latter rode forth, and, whirling his weapon over his head, prepared for the attack.

The two were at the distance of a hundred yards, when, putting spurs to their steeds, they flew at each other, each with his spear in an attitude of deadly hostility. The horses met, and both riders were thrown to the earth. The spear of Phalax passed through the body of his antagonist, and the young man lay dying on the ground. Phalax was stunned, but otherwise unhurt. He soon arose, and went to the side of his dying companion : " Forgive me," said he, " O, forgive me. I was drunk, and scarcely knew what I said. I remember to have spoken

improperly to you. Arise, my dear friend, and tell me you forgive me." "It is in vain," said the youth. "I forgive you, but I die." Saying this, he breathed his last.

Phalax, being of royal blood, had been brought up to think that all mankind were made for princes, and might be used as their passions or pleasures should dictate. He did not feel, therefore, as if he had committed a great crime, or slain one who had the same rights with himself; he had only taken the life of an inferior. He however mourned for his friend, and felt much ashamed of his impetuosity and want of self-government. He said little, but determined to be more prudent in future. With this resolve he proceeded on his journey.

We cannot trace all the adventures of Phalax and his party. It is sufficient to say, that they were so confident of reaching the capital before their rivals, that they did not deem it necessary to be either prudent or industrious. They knew that the route of Abdael was not only more difficult and dangerous, but more circuitous; and, besides all this, they believed that, even if their rival

should deliver the message first, the Khan would bestow the honor upon Phalax and his party, in consideration of their rank. And, finally, if even this should fail, and if, as they said among themselves, “the king should have such bad taste as to prefer a plebeian to a prince; why, at least, we have noble blood in our veins; and that is an advantage we shall ever enjoy: Abdael cannot be a prince or a nobleman!”

Thus offering apologies for their negligence, and fortifying themselves in their folly, the party proceeded, forgetting the great object of their expedition in the indulgence of the various passions which tempted them by the way. It was the *love of glory* that had been presented to the imagination of Phalax, as the motive to action. This was a selfish passion, and gave way the moment another passion, a little stronger, took possession of the breast. The desire of ease, the desire of wine, the desire of dissipation, the desire of pleasure, often mastered the desire of glory, and made the young leader of the party forget it, and the means by which it was to be obtained.

Besides all this, it must be remembered that in their debauchery at the prince's palace, a deception had been practised upon them, and precious time had slipped unreckoned away, thus leaving them in a state of delusion.

We must now turn to Abdael and his companions. Soon after they set out, Malek, an old soldier, rode to his side, and said : "It is a hard lot, my young master, to have the longer route and the more mountainous path ; what do you intend to do ?" "*My duty*, and trust in Heaven !" said Abdael. "I had no doubt of it," said Malek, and, apparently satisfied, he rode on.

The party did not attempt to urge their horses. They proceeded slowly but steadily, and stopped for the night, after having performed but a very moderate journey. The next day they did the same ; and so on the third and fourth day. The greatest care was taken of the horses at night ; and the men were particular to avoid every species of excess. They abstained from wine altogether, for Abdael feared that they might be betrayed into indiscretion or licentiousness.

They were obliged to keep their arms constantly in hand, for they were surrounded with enemies.

It might have seemed, to a careless observer, rather a dull party ; but if any one could have looked beneath their stern exterior, and have seen their hearts, he would have discovered a sober satisfaction there, arising from the consciousness of performing their duty. He would also have seen, that even the dangers and difficulties which surrounded them, became sources of agreeable excitement.

Beside this, the feeling of mutual danger, and the necessity of mutual support, created a kindly feeling between the individuals ; and thus they were in fact, like so many steadfast friends, united for common protection and defence. They were, therefore, cheerful and happy. They had little hope of reaching the capital in season to achieve a triumph over Phalax, but they had, at least, the satisfaction of feeling that even in defeat, they would have the approbation of their own consciences, and, perhaps, obtain the respect of the king.

In a few days they reached rugged and precipitous mountains, and now the necessity of all their care, courage, and perseverance became obvious. The road wound amid deep and fearful valleys, crossed rapid streams, threaded wild passes, traversed ridges and peaks, which hung like curtains of everlasting rock over the ravines below. Although it was summer, these lofty regions were covered with snow, and the wind was as keen and chill as winter.

Nor were the obstacles thus presented by nature the only ones which beset the travellers. One day, as they were pursuing their route along the edge of a dizzy cliff, they saw a party of Tartars on horseback, at a little distance before them. They were about twenty in number, and, as soon as they were remarked, they vanished. In a few minutes, however, they reappeared, some in front and some in the rear of the little party. On they came with the speed of a snow-drift, threatening to hurl Abdael and his friends over the precipice into the gulf beneath, by the fury of their onset. But the travellers were prepared; Malek and

two soldiers turned back, and met the assailants in the rear, and Abdael and one of his friends faced the enemy in front.

The Tartars came close up to Abdael, as if to push him from the path, but such was his steadiness, and that of the man at his side, that the enemy recoiled, and stood still at a little distance. The leader then brandished his lance, and hurled it at Abdael. The latter received it upon his sloping shield, and, glancing off, it cut the air downward into the glen. Abdael, in an instant, hurled his spear at his enemy, and, true to the mark, it entered the breast of the Tartar leader, who reeled in his saddle, fell from his horse, and rolled over the cliff. His body bounded from rock to rock, and was lost to the sight in the grisly shadows of the ravine !

This fearful scene took place in view of both parties, and such was the panic created in the Tartar troops, that they immediately took to flight. Abdael and his men now proceeded. In the evening, and at the foot of the mountain, they reached a small town situated in a lovely valley. Though the snow-capped peaks were so near, yet every

species of lovely flower was in bloom, and the most luscious fruits hung ripe from the stem. Here they had many invitations to stay and participate in the pleasures of the place, but Abdael remained no longer than was necessary for rest, and refreshment to his men and their beasts.

He had not proceeded far from the town we have mentioned, when the Prince of the Valley, who had heard of his arrival, sent messengers to meet Abdael, and invite him to spend a few days at his palace. The young traveller conceived it necessary, as a mark of courtesy, to call upon the prince; and accordingly, he and his party went to the palace, and caused their arrival to be announced. They were received with due ceremony, and urged to stay a few days. "May it please your royal highness," said Abdael, "I am but a plebeian, and my companions are common soldiers. They are worthy men, but more fit for battle and foray than for the presence of a prince. I therefore pray your highness to hold us excused from an honor too great for such as we are."

“Thou art a wise youth,” said the prince, “and I suspect there is much pride beneath thy humility of speech. However, thou shalt have thy way, only let thy men come and partake of the feast we have provided.”

Abdael bowed, and the men came in. They sat down to the table, which was spread with every luxury the nicest palate could desire. The travellers were worn and weary, and they had now subsisted for a long time on the coarsest food ; but, taking example from Abdael, they ate sparingly of the simplest articles ; and, avoiding the sparkling wines, they drank water only. This was noticed by the prince, who spoke in an offended tone to Abdael : “I am sorry, young soldier, that the wine pleases thee not.”

“Forgive me, prince,” said Abdael, courteously : “it is not that I distrust the quality of the wine ; but, we are humble men, and have little to boast of but our wits. Now, wine is a great thief, and, should it steal our wits away, we should be poor indeed. It is only those who are noble, and have something better than brains to boast of, that

can afford to drink wine and run the risk of losing their senses ! ”

“ By my beard ! ” said his royal highness, “ this is a bold fellow : you curmudgeons are too wise to make fools of yourselves, and therefore you leave that to princes and nobles ! Upon my word, this is courtly speech ! But, young man, perhaps you suspect the wine to be drugged. ”

“ There is no need for him to suspect the wine who has foresworn the cup ! ” said Abdael.

“ I am fairly answered, ” said the prince. Soon after, the feast was finished, and the strangers were about to take their leave. “ A word with thee, ” said the prince to Abdael ; and, taking him aside, he spoke as follows : “ Your conduct, young soldier, has impressed me favorably ; may I ask an honest answer to an honest question ? ”

“ Surely, ” said Abdael.

“ I see that thou hast some charm, which gives thee wisdom above mankind in general. Wilt thou tell me what it is that thus guides thee, and makes thee superior to other men ; which, indeed, makes a young soldier the

master of a prince who is famous for his craftiness ? ”

“ A father’s counsel,” was the reply.

“ And who is thy father ? ” said the prince.

“ A poor peasant of Parthia.”

“ And what is this magic counsel of which thou speakest ? ”

“ It lies in few words : *Do thy duty !* ”

“ Indeed ! And is this the simple exposition of a riddle that I could not solve ? And yet I feel it to be true. Young man, thy father, however poor, is happy, and may well be the envy of a prince. He can give wise counsel, and he possesses a son who can follow it. I confess that thou and he have this day taught me a lesson : I owe thee something, and I will pay the debt by frankness. Thy father’s advice, and thine own steadfast fidelity, have saved thy life, and that of thy companions. There was a poison in that wine, that had proved mortal to him whose lips had tasted it. I say this to encourage thee in thy career of virtue ; for however, being a prince, I may seek to destroy my enemies by poison, as is my priv-

ilege, I can still perceive virtue and approve it, in others.”

Abdael departed, and, with his companions, proceeded on his journey. They travelled with great industry, but such were the difficulties they encountered, that their progress was not rapid. They were sustained, however, by hope, and seemed actually to derive energy from the obstacles that beset them. They were usually in health; all their faculties were in full exercise; their limbs and their minds were vigorous and active. They were also cheerful; when there was no pressing occasion for circumspection, the laugh and the joke went round, and these were all the better, that they were excited by that kind of wit which springs from knowledge and experience. Their very adventures and dangers became to them the fruitful sources of pleasing and lively reflections.

It was at the end of a month that Abdael reached the capital. This was a short time for performing the journey, and seldom, if ever, had it been accomplished in so brief a space; but still he had every reason to suppose that Phalax had arrived before him, and

that he was going to a scene, rather of humiliation than triumph. He entered the city with a beating heart. His companions, as well as himself, were silent. They went straight to the palace, and found Phalax and his party there. They had arrived about an hour before, and Abdael met them in the hall of entrance, waiting an audience.

Phalax was admitted first. Genghis received his message, and heard his story. "You have been a long time," said the Khan, "in performing your journey. Was no other messenger despatched?"

"Yes, sire," said Phalax, "Abdael was sent by the route of the mountains."

"Has he arrived?" said the monarch.

"This moment," was the reply.

"You arrived first?" said the king.

"I did, sire," said Phalax.

The young prince was now dismissed ; and, as he passed Abdael in the hall, he darted upon him a look of insolent triumph. The latter was immediately ushered into the presence of the king. He told his story briefly and modestly, and took his leave. The next day the two young men were

summoned before the Khan. As they both stood in his presence, the king noticed the calm but modest demeanor of Abdael, and contrasted it with the evident doubt and fear, which lay beneath a veil of assurance, upon the face of Phalax. At last, Genghis spoke as follows : —

“I have seen your companions, young gentlemen, and learned the history of your adventures from them. Phalax reached the city first, but only by an hour ; yet his route was the easier by at least a fortnight. Let him remember that success is not the evidence of merit. He arrived before his rival, yet he neglected his duty, and violated his trust ; nay, more, he has exalted himself in his own account, beyond the truth : besides, he has come with one of his party missing, and he has not dared to tell the reason ! ”

The Khan looked keenly at the young prince, who first reddened, then turned pale, and finally kneeled before the monarch. “Speak not ! ” said Genghis, sternly, “I know it all ; it had been better for thee if thou hadst not glossed over thy madness and folly, for confession may pal-

liate, if it cannot excuse, guilt. Thy doom is perpetual banishment ! Abdael, thou hast done nobly ; not only hast thou excelled in prudence, energy, and devotion to thy duty, but thou hast excelled in modesty also. In thy brief and simple story, thou hast rather hidden than exaggerated thine own merits ; it shall be mine to make them known. I hereby make thee a captain of my guard !” Saying this, the monarch hung a rich sash of silk, glittering with costly jewels, around Abdael’s neck, as a mark of his special favor.

“ And now, tell me, my friend,” said the king, “ how is it that thou hast performed such worthy deeds, and set so good an example ? ”

“ By following the advice of a good and wise father,” said Abdael.

“ Send for him,” said the king ; “ he shall be the steward of my household. Is there any thing else thou wouldst desire ? ”

“ One thing, sire,” said Abdael, with a subdued voice.

“ Name it,” said the king.

“ That thou wouldst recall thy sentence of banishment against Phalax.”

“For what good reason dost thou make this request?”

“He has been less fortunate than myself. While I have been nursed in adversity, hardened by toil, trained by necessity to self-denial and self-government, he has been bred at the court and treated with indulgence. While I enjoyed wholesome lessons of prudence and wisdom, enforced by poverty, he has been seduced by the false tongue of flattery and the deceitful allurements of riches and pleasure. Let me ask forgiveness, then, O king, for the errors of youth, occasioned by the misfortune of his noble birth and exalted station.”

“This is strange, indeed,” said the king; “that wealth, and rank, and power are looked upon by a plebeian, as misfortunes, which are to excuse wickedness and folly; and yet, I can hardly gainsay it. Abdael, thy request is granted: Phalax is restored; he shall be of thy troop, a private under thee, and it shall be thy duty to teach him the art of self-government. But not till he has shown, by his own example, that rank and fortune may rather bless than

curse the possessor, shall I consent to see him at court. Farewell ! ”

Youthful reader, let the tale of the “ Rival Messengers ” carry this lesson to thy heart : He who is guided by *a sense of duty* is better, nobler, and more likely to win success in life, than he who seeks only for *glory or fame*. *Right is might* : the path of rectitude requires of those who follow it, that constant watchfulness, prudence, and self-government, which make the soul and body strong to contend with the difficulties and seductions of the world. Nor is this all : there is a moral Governor of the Universe, who has ordained that the way of the transgressor is hard, while the paths of wisdom lead to prosperity and peace.



WIT AND WEALTH.

A GREAT many years ago, and in a far-off country, there were two boys — one of them was the son of the king, and bore the name of Selim ; the other was the child of a poor man, and was called Bazeen.

Selim was brought up in luxury and permitted to have his own way. He was dressed in the richest silks, his ears were decorated with jewels, and diamonds of great price glittered upon every part of his person. He was surrounded with servants, who were attentive to his wishes, and prompt to gratify every passion and caprice.

But while such pains were taken to amuse the young prince and minister to his pleasures, his education in most respects was neglected. He was instructed in horsemanship, music, dancing, and military exercises, but he had a contempt for books, and utterly refused to learn to read. He seemed to think it was enough to be a prince ; that by

birth he was superior to all others. He made, indeed, a mistake, common enough among people of high fortune, in feeling that the rank and condition in which he was born gave him a right to claim superiority in every respect over all around him. He forgot that there is no royal road to learning; that the prince as well as the plebeian must study to acquire knowledge, and that a person with a full purse may be a pauper with respect to brains.

Young Bazeen was very different from all this. His father, as we have said, was poor. He had no jewels with which to decorate the person of his son, nor could he do more in respect to dress than to clothe him in the plainest attire. But he had still the power of giving his boy an education, for learning was little prized in that country, and the school-master undertook the education of Bazeen for a very small compensation. Thus, the boy was taught the learning of that day, and among other things was made acquainted with several different languages.

When the two youths we have described were approaching the period of manhood,

they joined the army of their country and went on an expedition against a distant enemy. Bazeen was attached to Selim's corps, which consisted of a troop of horse, and, though a private soldier, he attracted the notice of the youthful prince. They at last met the enemy, and their army being defeated in the terrible engagement which followed, they were both taken and carried into captivity.

The appearance of Selim marked him as a person of some consequence, and he was therefore ordered into the presence of the king whose soldiers had made him prisoner. Bazeen accompanied him as his attendant. The young prince had taken care to decorate his person in the most costly manner, expecting in this way to dazzle the eyes of the monarch, before whom he was to appear.

The two prisoners were soon led into the presence of the sovereign. He received the young prince graciously, and began to ask him questions about the battle, and the country from which he came. But he soon perceived that Selim was ill-informed upon these subjects, and that he was, in fact, defi-

cient in intelligence and observation. He then turned his attention to Bazeen, and put nearly the same questions to him that he had done to Selim. Bazeen answered modestly, and with some hesitation, doubting whether it was proper to show himself superior in knowledge to his royal master. The monarch penetrated his feelings, and commanded him to reply. The youth was therefore forced to answer, and soon showed himself to possess a great deal of knowledge. "Bring me a book!" said the king to one of his servants. The volume was brought and handed to Selim; but he shook his head disdainfully, and remarked, that, at his father's court, princes scorned the drudgery of learning to read. "Such tasks," said he, "are reserved for our slaves. Give the book to Bazeen, he can read!"

The lip of the monarch curled, but he did not speak. The book was handed to Bazeen, and he read the passage that was pointed out.

"It is well," said the king, "and now hear my decree. Bazeen shall be my secretary, for he has learning; and his mind, which is the noblest part of man, fits him to be the

companion of princes. Selim despises learning, and shows that while the body, the inferior part, is glittering with jewels, he has still a base and grovelling mind ! Selim is at heart a slave, and slavery shall be his doom. This is my decree."

The sentence of the king was put into immediate execution. Bazeen was raised to a high station in the palace, and Selim was compelled to perform the meanest offices of the household. But the former was scarcely less unhappy than the latter. He executed his duties faithfully, but he did not enter heartily into the service of a king who was the enemy of his country. The condition of Selim was also a constant source of misery to him. He therefore entered into a scheme for effecting the escape of his young master and his own. In endeavoring to carry this into execution, they were both detected and thrown into prison.

It was some consolation to the two youths that they were permitted to be together, but after they had been confined for several months, time hung heavily on their hands. Their dungeon consisted of a small room,

with scarcely a ray of light. Selim soon sunk into a miserable state of despair. He was permitted to retain his jewels, but how worthless were they now! They seemed, indeed, to mock his degradation, and even to embitter his misery. But Bazeen had jewels of another kind — those of the mind, which could even illuminate the darkness, and were of inestimable value in the dungeon. They enabled him to support his confinement; his range of knowledge furnished him with constant sources of thought, reflection, and emotion. He was thus not only able to keep his own mind in a cheerful state, but he often communicated the light of his spirit to that of his dejected companion.

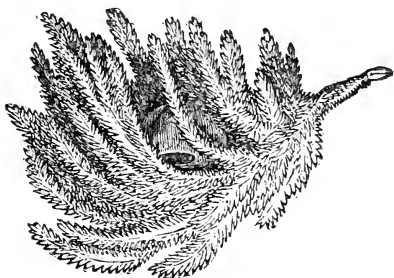
A year had now passed, when at last the jailer in making his rounds entered the apartment, attended by a person holding a lamp in one hand, and a scroll in the other. The latter addressed the prisoners as follows: "I am instructed by the king, my master, to present to you this writing, and he that can read it is pardoned, and permitted to return to his own country." Upon this he held out the paper, first to the prince and then to Ba-

zeen. The latter ran his eye over it, but shook his head, saying, "It is a hard task you give us ; we have been confined in a dungeon for a year, and now you bring us a light which dazzles our eyes. Leave us the lamp for an hour, and when we are accustomed to the light, return and put us upon the trial."

The messenger of the king acceded to this proposition, and departed. As soon as he was gone, Bazeen, who had read the paper, told Selim the precise words it contained. He made him repeat them again and again, until they were fixed in his memory.

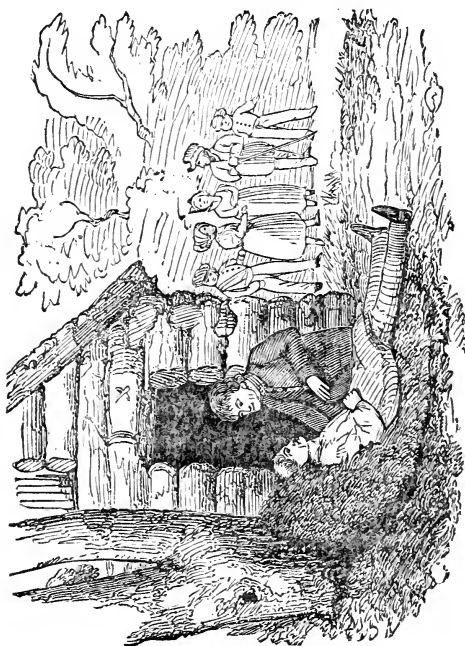
At the time appointed the messenger returned. Selim took the paper, and repeated the words it contained, thus seeming to read it accurately. He was therefore released from the prison, and, taking leave of Bazeen, departed from the dungeon. He was taken before the king, where Bazeen also was summoned. "I have heard the story of your wit," said he to the latter, "and you have used it generously in behalf of your master. He shall have his liberty, for I have promised

it ; and you shall accompany him. He may depart ; but let him carry with him the consciousness that Wit is better than Wealth, and the mind infinitely more worthy of decoration than the person."



PREJUDICE.

AMONG the hardy pioneers who first settled along the borders of the Ohio, was an Englishman, with two sons. These were twins, and his only children. He was half husbandman and half hunter, and the two boys followed his double vocation. They were seldom separated, and never seemed happy but in each other's society. If one was engaged in any employment, the other must share it. If one took his rifle, and plunged into the forest in pursuit of the wild deer, the other, as a matter of course, took his, and became his companion. They thus grew up together, participating in each other's pleasures, and fatigues, and dangers. They were therefore united, not only by the ties of kindred and a common home, but by a thousand recollections of sylvan sports, and wild adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, enjoyed or experienced in each other's company.



THE EXPLANATION.

About the time that these brothers were entering upon manhood, the French and Indian war broke out along our western frontier. In one of the bloody skirmishes that soon followed, the father and the two sons were engaged. The former was killed, and one of the twins, being taken by the French troops, was carried away.

The youth that remained, returned after the fight to his father's home; but it was to him a disconsolate and desolate spot. His mother had been dead for years: his father was slain, and his only brother—he that was bound to him by innumerable ties, was taken by the enemy and carried away, he knew not whither. But it seemed that he could not live in separation from him. Accordingly, he determined to visit Montreal, where he understood his brother had been taken; but, about this time, he was told that he had died of wounds received in the skirmish which had proved fatal to the father, and brought captivity to the son.

The young man, therefore, for a time abandoned himself to grief; but at last he went to Marietta, and after a few years was

married and became the father of several children. But the habits and tastes of his early life were still upon him, and after some years he migrated farther into the wilderness, and settled down upon the banks of the Sandusky River. Here he began to fell the trees and clear the ground, and had soon a farm of cultivated land sufficient for all his wants.

But the forester was still a moody and discontented man. His heart was indeed full of kindness to his family ; but the death of his brother had left a blank in his bosom, which nothing seemed to fill. Time, it is true, gradually threw its veil over early memories, and softened the poignancy of regret for the loss of a brother that had seemed a part of himself, and whose happiness was dearer than his own. But still, that separation had given a bias to his mind and a cast to his character, which no subsequent event, or course of circumstances could change. He was at heart a solitary man ; yearning, indeed, for the pleasures of society, yet always keeping himself aloof from mankind. He had planted himself in the wilder-

ness, far from any other settlement, as if purposely burying himself in the tomb of the forest.

There was one trait which strongly marked the character of this man ; and that was, a detestation of every thing French. This, doubtless, originated in the fact, that his brother's captivity and death were chargeable to the French army, and he naturally enough learned to dislike every thing that could be associated with the cause of that event which darkened his whole existence. A striking evidence of this deep and bitter prejudice, was furnished by the manner in which the forester treated a Frenchman who lived on the opposite side of the Sandusky River, and who was, in fact, the only person that could be esteemed his neighbor. Being divided by a considerable river, the two men were not likely to meet except by design ; and as the Frenchman was advised of the prejudice of his neighbor against his countrymen, there was no personal intercourse between them.

Thus they lived for many years, their families sometimes meeting ; but quarrel and altercation almost invariably ensued upon

such occasions. In all these cases, it was the custom of the farmer to indulge in harsh reflections upon the French character, and each action of his neighbor was commented upon with bitterness. Every unfavorable rumor touching the Frenchman's character, however improbable, was readily believed; and his actions, that deserved commendation rather than blame, were distorted into evil, by misrepresentation, or the imputation of bad motives.

Thus these two families, living in the solitude of the mighty forest, and impelled, it would seem, by the love of sympathy and society, to companionship, were still separated by a single feeling—that of *prejudice*. The two men, so far as they knew, had never met, and had never seen each other, but that strange feeling of the human breast, that judges without evidence and decides without consulting truth or reason, parted them like a brazen wall. Under circumstances, in which every thing around might seem to enforce kindness upon the heart; even here, amid the majesty of nature's primeval forest, and away from the ferment

of passions engendered amid towns and villages; to this lone spot the tempter had also migrated, and put into the bosom of man the serpent of an evil passion.

Thus things passed, till the two men had numbered nearly eighty years. At last, the rumor came to the farmer that the Frenchman was dying—and it was remarked that a smile, as of pleasure, passed over his furrowed face. Soon after, a messenger came, saying that the dying Frenchman wished to see his neighbor, and begging him, in the name of Heaven, to comply with his request. Thus urged, the old man took his staff, proceeded to the river, and being set across in a boat, advanced toward the Frenchman's cabin. As he approached it, he saw the aged man reclining upon a bed of bear-skins, beneath a group of trees, near his house. By his side were his children, consisting of several grown-up men and women. They were kneeling, and in tears, but as the farmer approached, they rose, and at a sign from their dying father, stood a little apart, while the stranger approached. The Frenchman held out his hand, and said in a feeble voice :

“Brother — I am dying — let us part in peace.”

Our old farmer took the cold hand, and tears — unwonted tears — coursed down his cheeks. For a moment he could not speak. But at last he said: “My friend, you speak English — and you call me brother. I thought you was a Frenchman, and I have ever esteemed a Frenchman as an enemy. And God knows I have cause — for I had once a brother, indeed. He came into life at the same hour as myself — for we were twins: and all our early days were passed in undivided companionship. Our hearts were one, for we had no hopes or fears, no wants or wishes, no pleasures or pastimes, that were not mutually shared. But in an evil hour I was robbed of that brother by the French army. My father fell in the fight, and since that dark day, my life has been shadowed with sorrow.”

A convulsion seemed to shake the emaciated form of the sick old man, and for a time he could not speak. At last, he faltered forth: “Have you never seen your brother since that day?”

“Never!” said the other.

“Then you see him, here!” said the Frenchman; and, falling backward upon his couch of skins, a slight tremor ran over his frame, and he was no more.

The explanation of the scene was this. The lifeless man was indeed the brother of the farmer. After being taken by the French troops, as has been related, he was conducted to Montreal, where he was detained for nearly two years. After his release, he retraced his steps to his former home, on the banks of the Ohio, but found his birthplace deserted: he also learned the death of his father and the departure of his brother. For years he sought the latter in vain, and at last returned to Montreal. Here he married, and after some years removed, with a numerous family, to the borders of the Sandusky. He at length discovered that his nearest neighbor was his brother; but, having found himself repulsed as a Frenchman, and treated rather like a robber than a friend, a feeling of injury and dislike had arisen in his breast; and therefore he kept the secret in his bosom

till it was spoken in the last moments of existence.

Thus it happened, in the tale we have told, that prejudice, obstinately indulged, prevented the discovery of an important truth, and kept the mind that was the subject of it wrapped in gloom and sorrow for years, which might otherwise have been blessed by the realizing of its fondest hopes and wishes. And thus prejudice often prevents a man from discovering that the object of his dislike, could he see and know him as he is, is indeed a man — and, as such, a brother.



PETER AND THE PIG.

THERE was once a youth, who, being born in poverty, was brought up to labor for his living ; but being of an indolent turn, he felt this to be a great hardship. He was also as unwilling to study his books, as he was to perform other tasks. He hated all exertion ; and seemed, indeed, to think that toil was the only curse, and idleness the only bliss. If he was not the same youth, who, when asked what he deemed the highest state of happiness, replied : “Swinging on a gate, with one’s mouth full of molasses candy,” he was, still, of much the same way of thinking.

Now lazy Peter, as he was called, went one day to feed the pig. The animal was very fat, and even when he heard the corn rattle into his trough, he only uttered a delicate, affected grunt, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and kept his place. Peter looked into the sty, and beheld, with un-



PETER AND THE FIG.

disguised admiration, the luxurious beast, imbedded in straw, and too happy in the enjoyment of his digestion and repose, even to get up and eat. "This is the perfection of comfort!" said Peter to himself. "How pleasant it must be to have nothing to do, but to eat and sleep. No chores to do; no boots and shoes to put on; no jacket and trowsers to button up; no musty books to learn; no Emerson's Arithmetic to make one's head muzzy; no awful looking school-master, whose very countenance makes one's stomach ache, to watch over him; no imperious voice to call him at five o'clock in the morning! No, no; he eats and sleeps, and sleeps and eats, gets up and goes to bed, just as he pleases. Really, I half wish I were a pig!"

Thus mused lazy Peter, while he rested his chin upon the edge of the pig-sty, and gazed with dreamy eyes upon the lord of the manor. At length, urged by a sense of imperious necessity, — for the idea of duty had not yet taken possession of his mind, — he tore himself away from these agreeable contemplations.

At night, Peter went to bed as usual, but the scene of the pig-sty had made such an impression upon his mind, that it stole in among the visions of his sleep. He dreamed that he was sauntering along upon a highway, and bound upon some long journey. Weary at length, he sat down and began to grumble at the necessity of travelling such a distance, and over such a tiresome road. While he was thus occupied, a fairy came to him, and said: "Peter, I have heard your complaints, and have come to remove them. You think it hard to travel this road, though its borders are decorated with flowers; though it leads through delightful regions, and finally terminates in a happy home, where friends gather around to minister to every want, and gratify every desire. Your difficulty is, that you must take the trouble to pick the flowers, to visit these happy regions, to travel to this final home of peace. Well, you shall have your way; you desire idleness, and deem that this is bliss. I have a sty, in which is the fattest pig you ever saw; you shall be his companion, share his

bed and board, and thus find the fulfilment of your wishes !.”

Strange as it may seem, Peter accepted the offer, and was soon domesticated in the sty. For a time, he enjoyed himself to the utmost : to be sure, the perfume of the place offended him a little at first, but the luxury of having nothing to do but to eat and sleep, prevailed over every other feeling, and he deemed himself perfectly happy.

Thus time rolled on, until one night he chanced to hear certain ominous preparations going on without the sty. He heard the rolling of a large tub, and chanced to hear the mistress of the place giving directions to a man to butcher her two pigs the next morning ! “ *Two pigs !* ” said Peter to himself : “ and so I am one of them ; but I’ll give them the slip ! ” He waited till all around was quiet, and then attempted to rise, for the purpose of making his escape. But, alas ! he was so fat and unwieldly, and the fence was so high, that he could by no possibility get out of the pen. And there was one thing which struck him with absolute horror : he now perceived that he had

four legs, cloven feet, a long snout, and a tail! Nor was this all; tall, wiry bristles stood up along his back; his sides were coated with coarse hair, and while he tugged to get out of his prison, he grunted like his companion. "I am, at last, a pig, then!" said Peter; "and yet, I am not altogether a pig. I know more than this lazy beast by my side; I know what is to happen to-morrow; and, while he is at rest, I am in an agony of fear. I wish I were really a pig, for then I should know no fear, and the butcher's knife would finish me. But it is really horrible, to have the mind of a human being, and the body and habits of a hog."

Poor Peter, in the agony of his dream, made a great outcry, but it was like the squealing of a pig; the fairy heard it, however, and came at the call. "What is the matter?" said she. "Let me out! let me out!" said Peter, in his frenzy. "I can't let you out," said the fairy: "you weigh at least fifteen score, and beside, you are a pig, now; for you must know that if a human being adopts swinish habits, and keeps swinish company, he gradually becomes

assimilated to the brute he imitates. But there is one difference: the pig, though he enjoys indolence, is able to do so only because of his ignorance. He has no mind which paints higher and nobler enjoyments; no desire of long life; no looking forward to the future; no sense of right and wrong; no conscience to disturb him. It is otherwise with you. You have a mind, and though you may abuse it, you cannot annihilate it. It is like a lamp; it may become dim for a time, but you cannot put it out. It will burn forever, and will forever make you feel the degradation to which you have descended, and the happiness you have irretrievably lost." Thus saying, the fairy departed.

It is not possible to tell the distress of the dreamer; he now saw his folly, and bitterly lamented it. But at last, in his vision, the morning came. He heard the hot, hissing water poured into the tub, to scald off his hair; he heard a lively whetting of knives, and at last saw the goggling eyes of the butcher taking a look over the edge of the pig-sty. His agony was beyond bounds;

he uttered a piercing shriek, and, in the paroxysm of his distress, he awoke ! It was, however, a lucky dream ; for the youth took warning by it, and, conquering his indolence, he became industrious, and grew up a prosperous and happy man.

Reader, if thou art given to indolence, take heed by Peter's dream ; and, like him, turn from the error of thy ways. Deem not that indolence is bliss ; believe, rather, that the ways of industry are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.



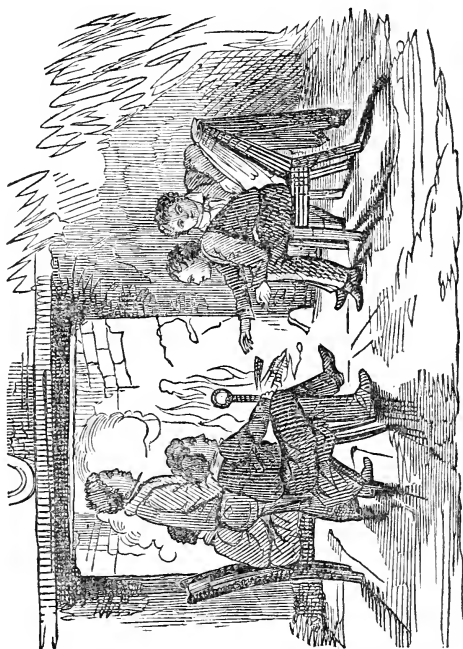
GHOST STORIES.

ONE cold winter evening, three boys happened to be together, named James, Henry, and Stephen. They sat by the blazing hearth — for I am telling of what happened in the old-fashioned days of broad flues and hickory fuel — without candles, for the light of the burning logs was sufficient to give the room a cheerful aspect. Out of doors the air was keen and bitter, and though the moon shone brightly, the light snow-wreaths were driving on the wind, and occasionally came in spouts against the windows, rattling like sleet upon the panes.

The boys, naturally enough, talked of the weather for a time, and then of the news, and finally of other topics. At last, it was proposed that one of them should tell a story. The scene can be best described in the way of dialogue.

James. Come, Henry, tell us a story.

Henry. Well, you tell one first.



GHOST STORIES.

J. O, I'm not good at telling a story.

H. Won't you tell one, Stephen?

Stephen. I'll tell one after you.

H. What shall I tell about?

S. O, any thing — tell a ghost story.

H. Well, I will tell a ghost story.

There was once a house near New London, in Connecticut, situated on a lonely road, about a mile from any other dwelling. The man who built it was a farmer; and here he lived, with his wife and two children, for three years, when at last they began to hear a bell faintly ringing at night, apparently in the walls of the house.

Not much was thought of it at first, but it was so frequently repeated, that it began to attract the attention of the family. They then listened, and every night, about nine o'clock, the ringing commenced. The people were somewhat superstitious, and soon began to be frightened. When they went to the spot where the mysterious sound seemed to come from, it appeared to issue from another place. — Sometimes it was quick and lively, and again it was slow, and apparently at a distance. At one time it seemed to be in

the parlor, and then it was in one corner of the kitchen.

The family became more and more alarmed; when the night set in, they gathered close together, and as soon as the ringing began, their faces grew pale, and they either sat in fearful silence, or whispered to each other: "there it is! there it is!"

Thus matters went on for several months, until at last the farmer and his family became so miserable that they sold the place, and removed to another town. He had not said much about the cause of his removal, for he feared people would laugh at him; and, besides, he apprehended that the story might injure the character of the house, and thus prevent his selling it at a fair price.

But, by some means or other, after he had gone, the story got about, and for nearly two years the house was unoccupied. During this period it acquired the name of the "haunted house," which, together with its lonely situation, rendered it difficult for the person who had bought it, to find any one willing to hire it. But at last a person who

did not believe in haunted houses, leased the place, and with his family went there to reside.

For about a month they heard nothing of the awful visitor, and feeling quite secure against his return, they were accustomed to make sport of the fears of their predecessors. But while they were actually cracking their jokes upon the subject one winter night, about the hour of nine, there was a sudden tinkling of a bell, distinctly heard, as if in one of the rooms above!

There was a sudden start among all present. "Hark! hark!" was whispered by several voices. They listened intently; all was silent as death, when again the bell was heard, apparently more distant, but still as distinct as before! The cheeks of the wife and children grew pale, and the face of the man himself was touched with a kind of awe.

"It is certainly a bell," said he, "and no ghost."

"But who rings it?" replied his wife, drawing her chair close to his, and shivering from fear; "who rings it?"

"I cannot tell, my dear," said he, "but we will try to find out." Accordingly he took a candle, and followed the sound from one room to another. He heard it distinctly, though faintly, sometimes near, and sometimes far; but he could by no means detect the cause. At last the sound ceased, and the distracted family went to rest.

The next night the same scene occurred. At the hour of nine, the frightful notes issued again, as if from the very walls of the room, and, exciting the fears of all, still baffled every attempt to discover the cause. Unlike the former proprietor, who believed that some ghost or spirit caused the bell to ring, the present occupant rejected such a notion as absurd; and though a cold, creeping sensation would sometimes chill his blood, still he took every opportunity to detect, if possible, the truth.

While he was one evening sitting by the fire, the tinkling sound was heard more distinctly than usual, and instead of issuing from the wall, undefined and spirit-like, it seemed now to come distinctly from a cupboard in one corner of the room. The man

arose, went to the cupboard, and opened the door. Instantly a small hand-bell fell from a crevice in the wall over the cupboard, upon the floor. It had a small string tied to it, and it was now discovered, that by this string the rats were accustomed to pull about the bell, in their gambols, thus creating the tinkling sound, which seemed to issue from the walls, and possess the awful and mysterious character, which had occasioned so much terror and distress.

S. Well, that's a good story; and it puts me in mind of one which I heard Captain Lewis Smith tell. It happened when he was somewhere in the Jerseys fighting the Revolution, as he calls it. It seems there was a Sergeant Kitley, who, when he returned to the camp one night, declared that he had seen a spirit. He was evidently frightened, for his teeth chattered as if he were half dead with cold, and for a long time he could not muster sufficient courage to tell the story. At last he was prevailed upon to relate it, which he did as follows:—

“It was a raw, blustering night,” said he, “when I had occasion to walk down a lane,

to the house of an old woman by the name of Warlock, who washes for the regiment. It was dark, and I had some difficulty in finding the place. At last I found it, and knocked at the door,—but there was no answer returned; I lifted the latch, but I could see nobody in the house. The fire was out, but in a corner of the room, under the bed, were two bright, fiery balls, which I knew to be the eyes of a cat, but they seemed to be twice as large as common.

“This made me a little skittish, for I then happened to remember that the old beldam herself was reputed to be a witch; and I thought to myself that perhaps, after all, it was she, sitting there under the bed, rolling up her fiery eyes at me, and pretending to be a cat. As I thought this, the eyes seemed to grow bigger and bigger. I then shut the door, and prepared to run.

“Just as I was about to start, I saw a thing as white as the driven snow, and in the shape of an old woman, flying and flapping in the air, and lifting up her arms, and seeming to threaten me in the most awful manner. I tried to run, but my feet stuck

to the ground. I should have screamed, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, and my hair rose up so as to throw my hat off my head.

“How I contrived to pick it up I cannot say, but I heard the footsteps of some one near, and this I believe gave me courage. I caught my hat, and ran as fast as my legs would carry me. A voice called after me, but I felt as light as a feather, and bounded forward like a schoolboy’s ball, with a sturgeon’s nose in the centre. It seems to me that I went two rods at every step, and so I soon reached the barrack. But if I live to the age of Methuselah, I shall never forget the fiery eyeballs of the cat, or how old Dame Warlock leaped up and down in the heavens, seeming to me as tall as a steeple.”

This was the substance of Kitley’s marvelous story. But, as soon as it was told, Captain Smith burst into a loud laugh. This made the sergeant very angry ; whereupon the captain proceeded to say that it was he himself who called after him at the door of old Dame Warlock ; and that the ghost he saw was only a shirt which she had washed

and hung to a clothes-line, and, the night being windy, it was frolicking in the gale, and jumping up and down, just as the sergeant had described. This explanation excited a laugh among the company, and though it was at the expense of the sergeant, he seemed really glad to be thus relieved of his terror.

J. Very good, very good indeed, though I can hardly conceive how any one could take a piece of linen for an old woman.

H. Why, I suppose it was because the man's imagination was excited; he had, no doubt, a touch of superstition in him, and this it was that deceived him. A person who is superstitious—one who believes in ghosts and witches, and such things—is very likely to fancy that he sees them. Such a one is always meeting with wonders, particularly at night: a stump, a post, a bush, to his eye, has arms, legs, eyes, and ears; nay, it generally moves about, and often seems to do more than mortals are able to perform.

S. Then you don't believe in ghosts?

H. Not at all. I believe that all the ghost

stories are either the inventions of wicked people, or the delusions of indulged and ill-directed imagination — fancies of those who have first been led to adopt false opinions, and have then become the dupes of these opinions.

S. You are quite a philosopher ; but let me tell you a tale of one who was as incredulous as yourself. There was once a physician in Connecticut, who was obliged to stay late at night with one of his patients. It was past one o'clock when he mounted his horse to return home. It was a cold, clear winter's night, and the moon shone with uncommon brilliancy.

The physician had occasion to pass by a small, but lonely graveyard, situated at the farther extremity of a field, near the road. As he was passing by, he cast his eye toward the graveyard ; and what was his amazement to see a figure, as if of a woman, clothed in dazzling white, proceeding slowly across the field toward the little group of tombstones !

It was almost as light as day, and it appeared impossible that the seeming vision

could be an illusion ; yet the physician, being an habitual unbeliever in ghosts and apparitions, conceived for a moment that his senses must have deceived him. He passed his hand across his brow, as if to clear his eye, and recalled the events of the day, to determine if he were not dreaming. He then looked again, and still the image was there, gliding, as if upon the air, and with a noiseless step, over the snow-crust, toward the graves.

For a moment the mind of the physician wavered between a chill, creeping feeling of awe and superstition and an intense desire to know the truth. At last the latter triumphed ; and, fastening his horse to a fence, he proceeded directly toward the object of his wonder. It continued to recede from him, but finally it sat down upon a gravestone, near a heap of fresh earth, removed for a tomb.

The physician approached, yet paused a moment to contemplate the mysterious figure. It seemed a woman ; and, as the clear moonlight fell upon the face, it appeared cold as marble, though touched with

an indescribable air of melancholy. With a resolute step he advanced and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the figure. It screamed and fell to the earth !

The physician lifted the form from the ground, and discovered it to be a woman whom he knew, and whose child had died three days before. It had been interred in the little burial-ground, and in her sleep the mother had walked across the snowy fields, wrapped in a sheet, to visit the spot where her infant reposed !

H. So, so, Master Stephen, your story, after all, but confirms my theory — that these tales of ghosts are only tales of illusion.

S. True, true ; and I agree that your theory of the matter is right. In ancient days, there, no doubt, was such a thing as witchcraft ; but there is nothing of the kind now, and we may be sure that he who tells a tale of ghosts, is no more to be believed than he who tells a tale of impossibilities.



THE FAIRY MONITOR.

THE FAIRY MONITOR.

IN a pleasant valley, between two hills, there once lived a beautiful fairy, by the name of Echo. The place was very pleasant, for a bright river swept through the valley, beneath trees with long branches overshadowing its waters. There were many flowers scattered along its banks, some with graceful forms, and others with brilliant colors. The air was filled with sweet perfumes, and the voice of musical birds was heard on every side. We need not wonder that, in a place so pleasant, the pretty fairy should have chosen her abode, and that she was ever found at home. But one of her peculiarities was this — that whenever a person spoke in a loud voice in the valley, the sound was caught up by the fairy, and repeated to the rocks and hills around.

Now, it happened that there was a little boy who lived near this valley, who was very

passionate. One day he went to this place, where Echo lived, with one of his companions, and for a long time was busily engaged in picking flowers along the margin of the little stream. He was so intent upon this, that he wandered away from his playmate, and at length was lost amid the trees and shrubs. He now became alarmed, and not being able to see his companion in any direction, he called for him in a very angry tone of voice. The fairy immediately imitated the sound, and repeated it to the woods, hills, and waters of the valley.

The little boy thought, at first, that this was his companion, mocking him, and it made him very angry. He then called out louder than before, and used some very harsh expressions, finishing with the word "rascal." These were all faithfully spoken by the fairy, and particularly the last word, which was uttered again and again, until even the most distant rocks and woods seemed to repeat it. This startled the boy very much, for it appeared, all at once, that every thing around, even the woods and hills, were calling him a rascal.

“I think you are very rude!” said he, spitefully. “You are very rude!” said the fairy, in return. “Don’t insult me!” said the boy. “Don’t insult me!” said the fairy. By this time the boy was out of all patience, and he began to cry. At that moment a pretty little lady came out from a group of bushes near by, and spoke to the boy as follows : —

“Listen to me, lad. You have got lost in these woods; and instead of blaming yourself, you get angry at your innocent companion. You are very silly, but I will be your friend. You have been brought here by my direction, that I might teach you a useful lesson. You are accustomed to use angry words, and I wish to show you that these beget anger in others. If you call your playmate a rascal, he will call you a rascal, in return. Speak gently and kindly, my boy, to your friends, and you will then beget love in the hearts of all; but if you are fierce, loud, and passionate, remember that there is an echo in the hearts of those around you, that will return back to your ears the saucy words you have uttered, as

truly as the Echo of the valley will repeat the loud words spoken in her ear."

Saying this, the little fairy took hold of the boy's hand, led him out of the wood, and, pointing toward his home, vanished into air.

“DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!”

DURING the last war with England, a bloody battle was fought between the British vessel of war Shannon and the American vessel Chesapeake. This took place in the waters off Boston harbor.

In a short time, the Chesapeake was terribly cut to pieces, and many of the men were killed and wounded. The commander, Captain Lawrence, was himself mortally wounded; but, while he was dying, he exclaimed, “*Don't give up the ship!*” These striking words have passed into a proverb, and nothing is more common than to hear people say, when they wish to inspire those who are in difficulty with a new stock of courage and energy, “Don't give up the ship!” Now, such little sentences, take the whole world together, produce an immense deal of effect; for very often a person about to despair has taken new courage from saying to him-



“DON’T GIVE UP THE SHIP.”

self, — or having it said to him, — “Don’t give up the ship!” I am going to tell you a story which may show an instance of this.

Richard Dribble — familiarly called Dick Dribble — was a poor boy, about eleven years old, who was put out to a farmer to go to school, and do chores at odd hours. I need not describe his appearance particularly, for his portrait is on the preceding page; but I must tell you that Dick was rather disposed to be lazy and idle. He was a good-natured fellow, but he hated exertion, and was even too indolent to keep himself tidy. He therefore had always a kind of neglected, shabby, and shiftless look.

Well, it was winter, and one day Dick was sent of an errand. The distance he had to go was two or three miles, and his way led through some deep woods. Dick had a great coat, but he was too lazy to put it on, and, though the weather was bitter cold, he set off without it. He had not gone far before he began to shiver like a pot of jelly; — but still he kept on. After a while it began to snow; and pretty soon Dick’s neck and bosom were almost filled with it, though some

of it melted and went trickling down his back and breast.

The boy took it very quietly for a time. Instead of beating off the snow, he let it rest, until at last he was almost crusted over with it. His fingers now began to ache, his nose tingled, his toes grumbled, his teeth chattered, and his whole frame shivered like an aspen leaf. At last the poor fellow began to snivel, and, stopping plump in the path, he exclaimed, "It's too bad! it's too bad!" Saying this, he gathered himself all into a kind of heap, and stood stock still.

How long he would have remained here, if he had been left to himself, I cannot say. It is probable that he would have continued inactive till he had become benumbed and unable to move, and that he had then lain down and been frozen to death. Indeed, he was already chilled through, and his limbs were getting stiff, and almost incapable of motion, when a gay young fellow came driving by in a sleigh. As he passed, he saw Dick, and exclaimed, "Don't give up the ship!" He was driving very swiftly, and was out of sight in an instant.

Dick had sense enough left to appreciate the counsel thus hastily given. It forced him to reflect that, if he did not make a speedy effort, he would perish ; at the same time, it put into his bosom a feeling that he could overcome the cold and extricate himself from his trouble. " At any rate," said he to himself, " I will try ! " No sooner had he adopted this view of the case, than he began to march forward. He rubbed and beat his fingers ; he knocked off the snow from around his neck ; in short, he laid out his whole strength, and before he had gone half a mile, he was in a fine glow, and though his fingers and toes tingled a little from the hot-ache, he was pretty comfortable.

So Master Dick trudged on ; he performed his errand, and returned in safety. Nor was the adventure wholly without its use to him. He often thought of the advice of the gay sleigh-driver, and the effect it had upon him. " Don't give up the ship ! " said he, amid the painful and trying circumstances of after-life ; and often that brief but pointed counsel enabled him to triumph over difficulties

which, perchance, had otherwise overcome him.

And now, gentle reader, if you find it hard to get your lesson, hard to perform your task, hard to do your duty, think of Dick Dribble in the snow-storm; say to yourself, "Don't give up the ship," and go ahead!



THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANT.

A CERTAIN duke, of Scotland, in one of his walks, chanced one day to see a very fine cow. Having ascertained to whom the animal belonged, he went to the owner, and offered him a handsome price for her. For a time the latter hesitated, but at length accepted it, and promised to drive the animal to the duke's residence the next morning.

Not finding it convenient to go himself, the farmer sent his boy to drive the cow. On approaching the house, the animal appeared frightened, and refused to proceed. At the time, the duke happened to be walking at a short distance, and the boy, not knowing who he was, craved his assistance, in his Scotch brogue.

“Heh, mun, come here, an’ gie’s a han’ wi’ this beast.”

The duke, perceiving the boy's mistake, pursued his walk, without appearing to un-

derstand it. In the mean time, the cow became still more unmanageable ; upon which the lad, with a tone of apparent distress, cried out, " Come here, mun, and as sure's anything, I'll gie ye the hauf o' what I get."

Pleased with the boy's manner, and especially with his generosity, the duke now stepped forward as requested, and lent a helping hand.

" And now," said the duke, as they drove the cow forward, " how much do you think you will get for this job ? "

" O, I dinna ken," said the boy, " but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up bye at the house are guid to a'bodies."

As they approached the house, the duke darted by the boy, and, entering by a private way, called a servant, and putting a sovereign into his hand, bade him give it to the boy that drove the cow.

The duke now returned to the avenue, and was soon rejoined by the boy.

" Well, and how much did you get, my lad ? " inquired the duke.

" " A *shilling*," said the boy, " and there's half o't t'ye."

“A shilling!” rejoined the duke: “only a shilling! You got more!”

“No, I dinna,” said the boy with great earnestness; “as sure’s death, that’s a’ I get, and d’ye no think it plenty?”

“I do not,” said the duke; “there must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you’ll return with me, I’ll get you some more money.”

The boy consented, and back they went. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

“Now,” said the duke to the boy, “point out to me the person that gave you the shilling.”

“It was the chap there wi’ the white apron,” said the boy, pointing to the butler.

“You villain!” said the duke.

The butler fell upon his knees, and confessed the wicked act.

“Give the boy the sovereign, and immediately leave my house!” said the duke.

The butler implored.

“No,” said the duke, “you are no longer to be trusted. You have been detected in an act of villany which renders you unfit to

serve *me*. You have lost your shilling, your situation, and your character. Go! and henceforth learn that ‘honesty is the best policy.’ ”

By this time, the boy discovered, to his amazement, his assistant in the person of the duke ; and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, and to be provided for at his own expense.

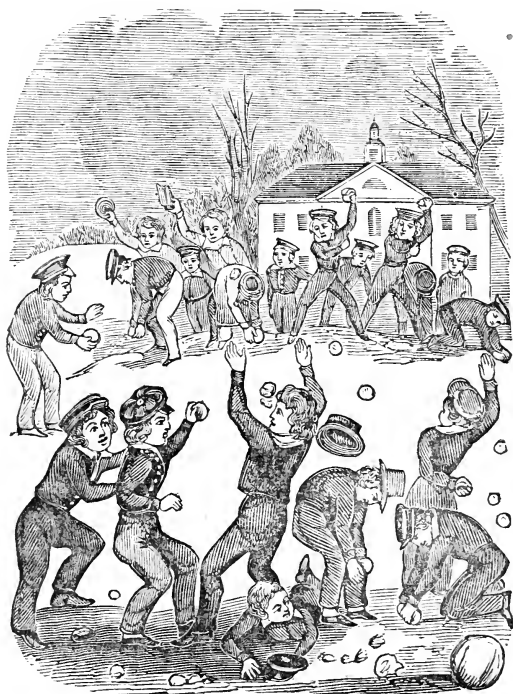


SNOW-BALLING.

“HURRAH, boys — school’s out! come! let’s choose sides and have a snow-balling!”

At this challenge, the boys divide into two groups, and at it they go. It is capital sport; for, while it gives an opportunity for the display of skill and power in hurling the missiles, it causes no broken bones, no bloody noses, no peeled shins, no black eyes. It is the very mildest, merriest, and most harmless, of all fighting. A snow-ball pat in the face draws no “claret,” begets no bad blood, and only provokes a retaliation in kind, perchance inciting the hit warrior to squeeze his ball a little harder, and send it back with redoubled, but still harmless *vim*.

Those people who live in the sunny south, where Jack Frost never comes with his snow-flakes, surely miss one of the greatest delights of our northern climes. We are will-



SNOW-BALLING.

ing to forego their orange groves, their fig-trees, and their grape-vines — bending as they may be with fruit — in consideration of the fun of snow-balling. Not that we ourself — Robert Merry — old, decrepit and gray — ever engage in that lively sport. No — such things are past with us ; but though we cannot personally engage in such merry work, we can at least look on — and that is a great pleasure.

I remember once, when I was at school, the boys agreed to have a game of snow-balling, and each one was only to use his left hand. The work went on bravely, and smartly, too, for some time ; each boy stuck to the treaty, and faithfully worked with his left hand. But at last one cowardly fellow, named Farwell, got into a tussle with another chap, and as he received more balls than he sent, he broke his faith, and hurled with his right hand. This provoked retaliation, for one act of injustice is apt to beget another. Farwell was soundly beaten, and in a short time the whole treaty was violated and overturned. I have often thought of that little

incident — and I close my story by suggesting the lesson it inculcates : Beware of injustice ; for it is very likely that you will yourself suffer from the wrongs that will be done in retaliation.



TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.

IN a far-off country, there was once a jeweller who left home with some valuable diamonds, for the purpose of selling them in a city at some distance from his own residence. He took with him his son and a slave. This slave he had purchased when quite a small boy, and had brought him up more like an adopted child than a servant.

The merchant at length reached the city whither he was going, and disposed of his diamonds with great advantage. While preparing to return home, he was seized with a sudden illness, which in a few hours terminated his life. The merchant was quite a stranger in the city. This his servant knew, and believing himself quite safe, he declared himself to be the son of the deceased jeweller, and entitled to take charge of his property.

The real son was filled with great grief;

but what could he do? He had no means of establishing his right to the property, for he had no means of proving himself to be the son of the deceased. The servant was loud in his pretensions, and one circumstance served to favor his claims. He was a young man, quite comely in his person, and polished in his manners; whereas the jeweller's son was mean in his appearance, and had been seriously injured in his education by the indulgence of his parents. It was, therefore, quite natural that strangers should take part with the servant against the son.

At length, in order to end the dispute, the latter referred the matter to a court of law. There, however, from a total want of proof, nothing could be decided. Each party was equally positive; but neither could do more than to assert his claim. At length, the judge declared his utter inability to determine which was the rightful heir to the property.

The novelty of the case, and the great amount of property in question, excited the interest and curiosity of a large part of the city. Divers opinions prevailed, and the sub-

ject became a fruitful theme of conversation and dispute. It was thought to be a case of so much importance as to merit the attention of the prince of the country.

The case was accordingly stated to him ; but in like manner he also was confounded, and at a loss how to decide the question. At length a happy thought occurred to the chief judge of the prince, by which to ascertain the real heir. The two claimants were summoned before him. He ordered them to stand behind a curtain prepared for the occasion. Through this curtain two openings were made. They were directed to project their heads through these holes, and then each one might tell his story. When the judge had heard them, he was to decide the case, and cut off the head of the one whom he should judge to be the slave.

Both agreed to the plan — the son relying upon the honesty and the justice of his cause ; the servant, through his confidence in the impossibility of detection.

The judge took his seat, and the parties took their stations. An officer with a drawn sword stood in front, ready to strike off the

head of the one whom the judge should decide to be the impostor.

They now told their stories. Just as the last one had finished, the judge cried out in a stern voice to the officer, "Enough! Enough! strike off the villain's head!" The officer sprang towards the young men with an uplifted sword. The impostor, conscious of his guilt, started back behind the curtain; the son, conscious of the justice of his cause, stood unmoved!

The judge immediately decided for the latter, ordered the property to be given to him, and the slave to be punished for his wicked and ungrateful attempt at deception.



HUSKING THE CORN.

HERE they are, all at work, husking the corn—the Widow Wilkins, and her three children, Tom, Dick, and Lucy. The good woman is giving a lesson to Dick, how to strip off the husks; and little Lucy is trying to do as Dick does. Let us listen to the dialogue.

Mother. See there, Dick: do you see that?

Dick. Yes, ma'am.

M. Well; now you take off the husks, and then take hold of the stalk, just so.

D. Yes, ma'am.

M. And then you break off the stalk close to the ear, just so.

D. Yes, ma'am.

Lucy. There, mother! didn't I do that better'n Dick?

M. Yes, my darling. Now, Dick, do you know how to do it?

D. Yes, ma'am.

Being satisfied that the husking was in a fair way, the Widow Wilkins departed, and left her children to themselves. After she was gone, Dick spoke as follows: "Can you tell me, Tom, what all this corn is for?"

"To be sure I can!" said Tom. "Some of it is to feed the chickens with; some of it is to feed the pigs with; some of it is to feed the horse and cow with; and some of it is to be ground into Indian meal, to make Johnny-cake and brown bread with."

"Well done!" says Dick. "It seems to me that the corn is very useful, then; for the chickens, and the pigs, and the cow, and the horse, and mother, and Tom, and Dick, and Lucy, all live upon it. Really, I never thought of that before. Then people, when they plant, and plough, and hoe, and pick, and husk the corn, are working all the while for the hens, and hogs, and cattle, and people!"

"Yes, to be sure," said Tom; "and what did you think all this labor was for, before you found out that it was useful in this way?"

"Why," said the boy, "I thought—I

thought — I don't know what I thought. I guess I didn't think at all ; or, if I did, I thought it was all a kind of play. But I know better now. I see that, when people are at work, they are not playing, but are doing something useful ; and when mother sets me to work, I mean always to consider that she has a good and useful object in view, and that I must do it, not because it is play, but because it will do some good."

"Very well," said Tom. "I hope you will always do so." By this time, the husking was done, and I came away.



THE THORN.

THERE was once a boy, named James, who, with his little brother and sister, was going to take a walk in the fields and woods. It was a beautiful warm day, and James thought he would take off his stockings and shoes, and go barefoot.

I suppose my young friends all know how delightful it is to take off the covering of the feet, in a warm summer day, and run about on the smooth grass. How light one feels! How swift one can run, with his foot free as that of the mountain deer!

Now, it happened that James had been forbidden by his mother to take off his stockings and shoes, for she was afraid that he would take cold. But he was now at a distance from home, and he thought he would do as he liked. So he took off his stockings and shoes.

O, how he did scamper about for a time!

but, by and by, as he was skipping along, he stepped upon a thorn, which entered the bottom of his foot, and inflicted a severe wound. As it gave him great pain, he sat down and tried to pull out the thorn ; but, alas ! it had entered quite deep, and had then broken off in such a manner, that he could not get hold of it. There he sat for some time, not knowing what to do ; but at last he was obliged to hobble home as well as he could.

James told his mother what had happened — for how could he help it ? “ Ah — ah — my son ! ” said she, “ this comes of your disobedience. When will children learn that parents know what is best for them ? ” However, the good woman set to work to try to get out the naughty thorn ; but she could not succeed.

By this time James was in great pain ; so his mother put on a poultice, hoping that would cure it. But the poor fellow could not sleep any all night, he was in such distress, and in the morning his foot was badly swollen. The doctor was then sent for, and at last he succeeded in getting out the thorn ; but poor

James had a sad time of it. It was at least three weeks before he got quite well. But the event was a good lesson to him. Whenever, in after life, he was tempted to disobey his mother, he said to himself — “Mother knows best: remember the thorn!” Whenever he was tempted to seize upon any forbidden pleasure, he would always say — “Remember the thorn!”



A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

IF I were to ask my little friends what they liked best, some would say sugar-plums, some cake, some ice-creams, some fine clothes ; but I am afraid none of them would say they liked mother's counsel best. And yet, my dear young friends, this is far more important to you than plums, or cake, or ice-creams, or fine clothes ! Were it not for the advice of mothers, I am afraid many young persons, who think pretty well of themselves, would turn out very ill in life.

Why is it, then, that many children are so unwilling to receive advice ? Here, in the picture, is our friend Thomas, who has a very bad habit of *teasing* ; and now that his mother is counselling him against it, he is in tears. Alas, poor Tom ! how much trouble would it have saved you, if you had been guided by the kind advice of your mother !

I must tell you something about Thomas



A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

— for it may be useful to all my young readers. As I have said, he was fond of teasing his brothers and sisters, and especially little James, who was of rather a timid nature. He seemed to take great delight in frightening him, and thought it a pleasant joke if he could make him cry out with fear at some bugbear. But this habit finally resulted in a serious accident.

One day, Thomas and James were walking among some bushes that grew upon the bank of a river. At last, they both sat down ; and here they remained, quietly looking upon the water that was dashing by. After a time, Thomas crept into some bushes near to James, and then sprang suddenly out towards him, on all fours, at the same time uttering a cry like some wild animal. James was terribly frightened, and, springing up, he ran towards the river. Unconscious of what he was doing, he leaped over the bank, and in an instant he sank beneath the waters. Thomas ran to the place, but his brother had disappeared. The agony of that moment outweighed, a thousand times, all the pleasure he had taken in teasing poor James.

He waited a few moments, when he saw his brother rise to the surface of the river, spreading out his little hands, and asking for help. Thomas could not swim, and all he could do was to scream with all his might.

This outcry soon brought some persons to the river, and, after a time, James was taken out. But he was quite cold, pale, and apparently without life. He was taken home, and laid upon a bed. Thomas came to his side, and, as he looked upon his little brother, it seemed as if his heart would break. He kissed the cold cheeks of the boy, and placed his lifeless hands between his own, and begged, in the most piteous tones, that his brother would open his eyes, and speak, and forgive him.

After more than an hour, James showed some signs of life; and at length, having passed through great suffering in throwing off the water he had swallowed, he seemed out of danger. But he was very ill for some weeks, and it was many months before he fully recovered from the shock he had received.

Such was one of the results of Thomas's

obstinate perseverance in the habit of teasing. He really intended no harm ; but he would not take the advice of his mother, and desist from a practice which, she told him, one day or other, would produce misery and mischief. It was not till he had actually brought about these results, that he felt the importance of a mother's advice, and set about governing himself by it. O, how many evils — even greater than this we have described — would be avoided, if children would adopt a mother's counsel as their rule of life !



A BROWN COAT, OR A BLUE?

OR,

THE IMPORTANCE OF A SINGLE WORD.

A HORSE was once stolen from a stable in England, and two boys, having seen a young man enter the place about the time the theft took place, mentioned the fact. The description they gave seemed to answer to James N——. He was accordingly arrested, and sent to prison. The sister of James sent for the boys, in great distress, to see if they were sure it was her brother whom they had seen.

She first examined one of them, and then the other. One of the boys said the young man's coat was *blue*; the other thought it was *brown*. This became a question of life and death; for Ellen, the sister of the youth, knew that her brother's coat was brown, and

that, if the thief's coat was blue, it could not be that he was the guilty person. She fell on her knees, and, in the most earnest manner, begged the boys to reflect and be sure of the truth. They never had thought of the importance of it before: they had never reflected that a single word may take life or save it.

When thus made to think of the importance of what they said, the boys both spoke carefully: the one who thought the coat was *brown* hesitated; and, after a little reflection, he agreed with his companion that it was *blue*. This led to further inquiry; and in the end, it was discovered that James N—— was innocent, and that another was the guilty person.

This little incident may show the great importance of accuracy and precision in all we say and do. A very slight error — only the use of the word *brown* for *blue* — might have cost James N—— his life, and sacrificed the innocent instead of the guilty.

EFFECTS OF A THOUGHTLESS ACTION.

ABOUT forty years ago, there lived, near the eastern border of France, a family by the name of Marbœuf. The father was dead, having left a widow and two children. The eldest was a daughter, and named Narcisse. The other, a son, was named Pierre. The family was of some consideration, and enjoyed a handsome independence. The children were brought up according to the custom of the country, being educated at home, yet instructed as well in various accomplishments as in the ordinary branches of mental study.

Narcisse was of a gay and thoughtless temper, and, on one occasion, committed an act which laid the foundation for a long train of evils. Her brother, Pierre, was nervous and sensitive to such a degree as to provoke the ridicule of his somewhat hoiden sister.

She accordingly teased him about it, and occasionally played off a practical joke in mockery of his peculiar sensibility.

One day, she tried a more serious experiment. While he was sitting alone upon the bank of a river, she stole upon him, and suddenly fired a pistol behind his ear. The youth was thrown into convulsions, and it was some time before he recovered. Even after the paroxysm had passed away, his nerves seemed shattered, and a sudden sound would make him tremble with emotion.

The boy was ten years old when this event occurred; and, for two or three years, it seemed questionable whether he ever would triumph over the shock he had received. Poor Narcisse was greatly distressed at what she had done, and at the melancholy consequences. She did every thing in her power to mitigate the evil. She sought, by every means which her fancy suggested, to soothe her brother's nerves, to give firmness to his mind, and to cultivate in him manly habits and feelings. Nor were her efforts entirely without effect. As Pierre advanced towards manhood, his constitution seemed to acquire

vigor, and his timidity of character to be supplanted by a manly bearing.

Narcisse watched over this change with intense interest; but there was still one source of the deepest anxiety. Though her brother had acquired self-command, still he could not endure the sound of a gun or pistol. The whole idea of war was frightful to him. In short, he was destitute of that quality so much prized, in France, at that period—a species of courage which qualifies a man to be a soldier. Pierre grew up with this weakness; and, though he was conscious of it, he sought, by every means in his power, to conceal it. His sister, however, was too watchful to be deceived; and though she blushed to acknowledge, even to herself, that one who bore the name of Marbœuf should be a coward, she knew that, owing to her own thoughtless folly, her brother was entitled to this epithet.

But new causes of anxiety now pressed upon both the brother and sister. Napoleon had just returned from Russia, where his mighty army had perished by the avenging sword and the remorseless climate. The ar-

mies of the north were gathering, to pour themselves upon France, and crush its haughty emperor. He must have instant succor and support. New levies must be raised. The people must rally for the defence of France. Orders were sent to every quarter of the kingdom, and conscriptions were made, by lot, among the young men, throughout the country.

Narcisse and Pierre heard the rumors of Napoleon's disasters, and the levies that were to be made for the new army. Pierre's heart sank within him, for he foresaw that he should probably be among the conscripts. His sister did every thing in her power to raise his courage — to stir within him some ardor for his country's honor, and an emulation of that renown which belonged to the name he bore. She painted the attitude of France, threatened by the enemy : she appealed to that glory which surrounded the name of Napoleon. She spoke of the gallant achievements of her father, and a long list of proud family names that had gone before. But it was all in vain. Conscious of the ignominy which attached to cowardice, the poor youth

wept in agony. "I can die, I can perish, Narcisse," said he, "but I can never become a soldier."

The evil day was not long in coming. The order for the conscription reached the village, and Pierre was drawn as one of the conscripts. When he heard the news, he fainted, and fell to the earth. His sister, who now seemed to live only for her brother, shrinking with horror at the idea of having the mortifying truth made known, imputed his illness to some other cause.

Determined, at all hazards, to save him from disgrace, she resolved herself to take his place in the army. Making the necessary preparations in secret, and accompanied by a trusty maid, she set out for the place of rendezvous, which was some twenty miles distant. Reporting herself at the appointed station, she was received and enrolled under the name of Pierre Marbœuf. Nor was the opportunity for trying her resolution long deferred. The troops of Russia, Prussia, and Germany, soon crossed the Rhine, and were now actually upon the soil of France. With a celerity that seemed miraculous, Na-

oleon was again in the field, and at the head of a powerful army. Several skirmishes had already taken place between the hostile forces, and at last they were drawn out in long array, preparatory to a pitched battle. Narcisse, with a fluttering heart, yet with a resolute step, was in the ranks, and saw the morning rise upon the stirring spectacle.

We must now leave her in her place for a few moments, and return to her native village, and her brother Pierre. A faithful old servant, by the name of Jacques, had penetrated the secret of his master's weakness; and though Narcisse had attempted to conceal her plan and purpose, he understood both. Indignant at what he conceived the pusillanimity of young Marbœuf, two days after his sister's departure, he taunted him to his face. In his wrath, he forgot his habits of respect for his master, and actually called him a coward.

The blood flew to the young man's cheek, and tingled in his fingers. He lifted his arm and frowned, as if he were about to strike his servant. The old man curled his lip dis-

dainfully, and said, "You dare not strike — Pierre Marbœuf is a coward!" Stung to the quick, and feeling an impulse in his breast that had never stirred him before, Pierre sprang upon Jacques, and hurled him to the ground, as if he had been a boy. The old man arose, and clapped his hands with delight. "Thank Heaven," said he, "my master, you are still a Marbœuf. Fly, fly to the field! Your sister is there as your representative. Fly, if you would save her life and your own fame. The two armies are drawn up at B——. To-morrow the engagement takes place. There is time — you may be there!"

In a brief space, every preparation was made. Pierre was mounted, and, with his father's sword at his side, he set off for B——. In the midst of the battle, he reached the village. The whole scene around was a spectacle of strife, confusion, and carnage; but the youth now felt that he was a Marbœuf, and he plunged at once into the fight. It was a general charge upon the enemy, and, after a short contest, they were driven back.

Yet they still bravely contested the field, and strove to possess themselves of a small group of houses, which were fiercely defended by a detachment of French troops. The corps Pierre had joined, in his random ardor, now came up; a desperate assault was at this moment made, and the enemy were effectually repulsed. Emerging from one of the buildings, Pierre now saw an effeminate-looking soldier, begrimed with powder and sprinkled with blood. He could not be mistaken: it was Narcisse. She tottered, reeled forward, and fell. Her brother was instantly at her side, and she was borne from the field. She was not wounded, but had swooned only at the moment that she had caught a glimpse of her brother fighting bravely in the thickest of the ranks.

What must have been the feelings of that high-hearted girl, when her reason returned, and she could feel assured that her brother's weakness had passed away, and that to his courage she owed her life! Yet her story is calculated to afford a strong and striking illustration of the evils which may follow from a *thoughtless action*.

THE FIRST LIE.

ROBERT MERRY, in his Memoirs, tells us the following story of what happened while he was in prison, at New York. It shows the fearful consequences which sometimes follow the first step in the path of deception.

“I saw no one with whom I had the least desire to form an acquaintance, and therefore kept aloof from all around me. Food was brought in, but I had lost all appetite, and could not eat. A bed was assigned me in a long room, where were about twenty other beds. It was a mere mattress of straw upon the floor; and, though not inviting, at an early hour I retired and lay down upon it. I was revolving my own fate in my mind, when some one in the bed next to me spoke. I looked up, and, by the dim light, I saw there a young man, thin and pale, and apparently unable to rise. ‘Get me some

water ! for God's sake, get me some, water !' said he. The tones were husky, but earnest, and I sprang up instantly. ' Who are you ? ' said I.

" ' O, never mind who I am, but get me some water ! ' was the reply.

" I went instantly, and procured some water, and brought it to the bedside. The young man raised himself with great difficulty. He was wasted to a skeleton ; his hair was long, and nearly covered his face. His eye was deep blue, and large, and the expression was exceedingly soft, though now very bright. He took a long draught of the water, and then sank heavily upon the bed, saying, as if it was all he had strength to say, ' Thank you ! '

" This scene interested me, and called my thoughts away from myself. I sat by the side of the young man, looking intently upon his pale face. In a short time he opened his eyes, and saw me looking at him. He started a little, and then said, ' What do you look at me so for ? ' ' I hardly know,' said I, ' except that you are sick. Can I aid you ? Can I do any thing for you ? '

“ ‘No — no,’ replied he : ‘no — and yet you can. Come near. I am very feeble, and cannot talk loud. What brought you here? You do not talk like one of us.’ I here told the young man my story, very briefly. At first he seemed to doubt my veracity — but he soon dismissed his suspicions, and went on as follows : —

“ ‘You think that your misfortunes are the result of an imperfect education, and the want of the care, teaching, and protection, of parents. My story will show you that all these advantages may be thrown away, if the heart is wrong. My story will tell you *the dangers that lie in the first fault.*

“ ‘My parents were respectable and religious people. They took great pains with my education, for I was their only child. They not only sent me to school, and provided me with good books, but they gave me good advice, required me to go to church, and took care that I should not fall into evil company. It was impossible not to love such parents, and therefore I entertained for them the strongest affection. I also placed the most perfect confidence in

them. I told them all my wishes, and, if reasonable, they were granted. I told them my troubles, and then was sure to receive sympathy, and, if possible, relief.

“ ‘But this happy state of things did not continue. One of my companions had a watch, which he wished to sell for ten dollars. It was very pretty, and I desired exceedingly to possess it. I asked my father for ten dollars to buy it; but he thought it an idle expense, and refused. I then went to my mother, and tried to get her to persuade my father to buy the watch for me; but this was unavailing.

“ ‘About this time, I saw a ten-dollar bill, lying, as if left by some accident, in one of my father’s desk drawers. The thought of taking it came suddenly into my mind. I took it, and put it into my pocket, and went away. It was the first thing of the kind I had ever done; but, a first step in guilt once taken, others soon become matters of course. I had no great fear of detection, for I believed that the bill would not be missed, and, if it were, no one was likely to suspect *me* of taking it. The

money was soon missed, however, and some inquiry was made about it. I was asked if I had seen it; to which I answered, 'No.' This lie, the first I had ever told, was the direct consequence of my first fault.

“‘The loss of the money passed by; nothing more was said of it for some time. After waiting a few days, I took the bill, and purchased the watch of my young friend, telling him to say that he had given it to me, if any inquiry was made about it. I then took it home, and told my mother that John Staples had given me the watch. Thus I went on, not only telling falsehoods myself, but also leading my companion into falsehood: so sure it is that one crime leads to another.

“‘My mother seemed very thoughtful when I showed her the watch; and pretty soon after, my father called me to him, and began to inquire about it. He was evidently a little suspicious that I had come by it unfairly, and suspected that, somehow or other, the affair was connected with the lost ten-dollar bill. I parried all his inquiries; denied plumply and roundly all knowledge

of the missing money ; and at last, with tears, and a look of honest indignation, protested my innocence.

“ ‘ From this time, my feelings towards my parents began to alter, and especially towards my father. I could not bear to see him look at me. Ever before, I had loved his look, as if it were summer’s sunshine ; but now it seemed to me to be full of suspicion and reproach. I felt as if his eye penetrated into my very bosom ; and it stung me with remorse. My confidence in him was gone ; my affection flown ; I even disliked to be in his presence ; and I was constantly devising the means of cheating and deceiving him !

“ ‘ So things went on for two or three weeks, when, at last, my father called me to his study, and I saw by his look that something serious was coming. He proceeded at once to tell me that a shopkeeper in the village, in paying him some money, had given him, among other bills, the lost ten-dollar note. He added further that, on inquiry, he found that it had been received of John Staples. My father’s inference was, that I

had taken the money, and bought the watch with it, and had resorted to a series of falsehoods to cover up my guilt. Short as had been my apprenticeship in crime, I met this charge with steadiness, and still protested my innocence, insinuating that suspicion ought rather to fall upon Staples than upon myself.

“ ‘ Upon this hint, my father sent for John, who, true to his promise, said that he had given me the watch. When asked about the money, he denied all knowledge of it. My father told him of getting the identical bill he had lost, at the merchant’s store ; he took it out of his pocket, and deliberately showed it to Staples. The fellow seemed to feel that he was caught ; that further evasion was vain. The truth trembled upon his lips ; but, before he spoke, he looked at me. I gave him such a frown as to decide his course. He instantly changed his mind, and resolutely denied ever having seen the money before !

“ ‘ This was decisive. Staples was proved a liar, and it was readily inferred that he was also a thief. The matter was told to

his father, who paid the ten dollars in order to hush the matter up. Thus the affair seemed to end, and my first enterprise in guilt was successful. But, alas! there is no end to crime; and our success in error is but success in misery. I had obtained the watch — but at what a cost! It had made me a liar; it had deprived me of that love of my parents which had been my greatest source of happiness; it had made me dread even the look and presence of my kind father; it had led me, in order to save myself, to sacrifice my friend and companion; and, finally, it had made me look upon all these things with satisfaction and relief, because they had been connected with my escape from detection and punishment. Thus it is that we learn not only to practise wickedness, but to love it.

“From this time, my course in the downward path was steady and rapid. I formed acquaintance with the vicious, and learned to prefer their society. I soon became wholly weaned from my parents, and felt their society to be an irksome restraint, rather than a pleasure. From regarding my

father as an object of affection, I learned now to look upon him with aversion. When he came into my presence, or I into his, his image produced a painful emotion in my mind. Thus I got at length to feel toward him something like hatred. I spent a great deal of money for him, and kept constantly asking for more. I knew that he was in straitened circumstances, and that he could ill afford to supply me; but this did not weigh a feather in my hardened mind.

“ ‘I went on from one step to another, till at last I agreed to unite with my companions in a regular system of roguery. We formed a kind of society, and robbed hen-roosts and melon-patches by the score. We obtained entrance to houses and stores, and plundered them of many watches and silver spoons. I was the youngest of the party, and did not always take a very active part in their enterprises; but I loved the sport, and did what I could. At last, as we were returning from an excursion one very dark night, — there being four of us, — we heard a horse’s trot behind us. We waited a little, and soon a gentleman, well mounted,

came up. In an instant two of the gang rushed upon him; one seized the horse's bridle, and the other pulled the man to the ground. We all fell upon him, and began to rifle his pockets. He made some resistance, and I was about to strike him on the head, when — think of my horror! — I perceived that it was my father! I staggered back, and fell senseless upon the ground. No one saw me, and how long I remained insensible I cannot say.

“ ‘When I came to myself, I was alone. My companions had gone away, not noticing me, and my father, after being rifled of his watch and money, had escaped. What should I do? I could not return home: the thought of meeting the parent in whose robbery I had been an abettor, and against whose life I had prepared to strike a ruffian blow, was too horrible! I fled to this city. I allied myself to rogues and scoundrels. I lived a life of crime; for nothing else was left to me. I drank deeply; for drunkenness is necessary to one who pursues a life of vice and crime. The mind gets full of horrors at last, and brandy only can

allay them ; besides, brandy is often necessary to nerve the head and strengthen the arm, so as to give the needed daring and power. If you could annihilate liquors, it seems to me that you would annihilate the whole profession of thieves, blacklegs, burglars, robbers, and counterfeiters. Get rid of those who sell liquors, and you get rid of these felons ; for they could not endure such lives as they lead, unless braced up by the stimulus of strong drink.

“ ‘ Well — my story is now told. I have only to say, that I was taken, at last, for one of my crimes, tried, convicted, and sent to this place. But I shall stay here a short time only. My health is gone, though scarce eighteen years of age ; my constitution is wasted away, and the lamp of life is near going out forever ! ’

“ Here the poor youth sank down upon his bed, completely exhausted. He closed his eyes, and, by the flickering light of a remote lamp, his face seemed as pallid as marble. It looked like the very image of death, and I felt a sort of awe creeping over me, as if a corpse was at my side. At last I

could hear him breathe, and then I went to bed. I reflected long upon what had happened. 'I have thought,' said I, mentally, 'that I was most unhappy, in being destitute of the care and instruction of parents; but here is a poor youth, who is still more wretched, and who yet has enjoyed the blessing denied to me. The truth is that, after all, good or ill fortune is usually the result of our own conduct. Even if Providence grants us blessings, we may neglect or abuse them; if they are denied to us, we may, by a steady pursuit of the right path, still be successful in gaining happiness.' With this reflection, I fell asleep; but, when I awoke in the morning, the young man at my side was sleeping in the repose of death."





THE SPOILED CHILD.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

HAVE you ever heard of a spoiled child? No doubt you have; but do you know what a spoiled child is? You shall hear.

If a child is permitted to do as he likes, and is not made to obey his parents, he usually becomes passionate, mischievous, and disagreeable, and is then called "a spoiled child."

There was once a little boy, whose name was Mark. He was an only child, and his parents, being rich, granted him every indulgence. At length, little Mark thought himself the most important being in the world.

If he wanted a thing, he teased, fretted, and cried, till he got it. If he wished to do a thing, nobody could prevent him from doing it. If he was commanded to do any thing, he refused or obeyed, as it suited his pleasure.

Such was little Mark; and, though he was

a handsome boy, and always prettily dressed, yet he was so troublesome, that almost every body disliked him.

Still his mother continued to indulge him. When she was asked why she did so, she said she did not like to cross the boy's humor. Thus she went on, permitting him to do what he pleased, until one day, when his father and mother were at table, after dinner, Mark was in a chair by himself. Pretty soon, he crept out of it and got upon the table.

His mother told him to get down, but he said he would not. He then got upon his feet, but immediately slipped down upon his knees, turning over the dishes of fruit, breaking the decanters, and ruining his mother's new dress.

This event, which seemed so disastrous, was very fortunate for little Mark ; for, from this period, his father and mother determined to take a new course, and oblige him to obey them. This plan they carried into effect, and the spoiled child was at length made obedient ; though it cost him many hearty "crying spells."

THE THREE SISTERS.

THERE were once three sisters, who went to witness the ascent of a balloon. When they reached the place, they saw that it was a prodigious bag of silk, with a netting put over it, and to this a little car was attached.

There were a great many people around the place, anxious to see the balloon rise and sail away in the air. There were several persons very busy in filling it with what is called *hydrogen gas*, which is a kind of air so light that it rises upward and carries the balloon with it.

There was soon a considerable quantity of gas in the balloon, and it then began to ascend a little ; in a short time it rose more, and, after a few minutes, it seemed in such a hurry to burst away, that several men were obliged to take hold of the net-work, and restrain it till all was ready.

A person by the name of Lauriat, who had

made the balloon, was going to ascend with it. When all was prepared, he entered the little car, holding in his lap a cat fastened in a cage, with an instrument like an umbrella attached to it. In a few moments Mr. Lauriat called out, "All right!" — the men let go of the net-work, and up went the balloon, and up went Mr. Lauriat in the little car swinging beneath it.

It was a beautiful sight, and the people were so delighted, that the air rang with acclamations. The three girls, whom we shall call History, Poetry, and Romance, were as much pleased as the rest, and shouted, with their little voices, as loud as they could. What rendered it all the more interesting was, that the people could see Mr. Lauriat, who waved a little flag as he ascended; and though it was almost frightful to see a man so high in the air, yet he appeared quite at his ease, and very much gratified.

When the balloon had risen to a great height, so as to look only about as large as one's head, Mr. Lauriat let the cat and the cage fall; but they were attached to the *parachute*, which kept them from coming down

very swiftly. It was a beautiful sight to see. At first the cage and parachute were hardly visible, but they grew more and more distinct, and at last they came nearer and nearer, and finally dropped down upon a distant hill. Some boys ran to the place, and behold ! puss was in the cage, a good deal frightened, but safe as ever. There are very few of her race which have had such a ride as this.

At last the balloon looked no larger than a fly ; and then it entered a cloud, and was seen no more. The company separated, and went to their homes, all talking of the balloon, and Mr. Lauriat, and puss, and the parachute. Our three little girls also returned to their home, and, rushing up to their mother, they were each so eager to tell the story, that neither could be understood. At last their mother said to them, "My dear children, I must hear you one at a time. Let us all sit down, and History, who is the eldest, shall tell the story first. Then Poetry shall take her turn, and Romance shall come next."

To this they all agreed, and History began as follows : " We reached the place about four o'clock in the afternoon. There were

already many people present ; but as the time advanced, others came, and soon about two thousand people were there.

“The balloon was enclosed in a fence, made of boards, and none but the workmen and Mr. Lauriat were permitted to enter the enclosure. There were six large casks around, in which they made the hydrogen gas ; this was conducted to the balloon by means of tubes.

“The balloon was a large bag of silk, about forty feet long and eighty feet in circumference. When full of gas, it was shaped like a pear, the stem downwards. The silk was oiled, so as to retain the gas, which is lighter than the air, and floats upward in it, as a piece of wood does in water. The balloon was enclosed in a net-work, and beneath a little car or boat was attached to it, and in this Mr. Lauriat sat, when he ascended.

“As the gas was conducted to the balloon, the latter gradually swelled out ; and, when it was full, the men who held it down let go, and it ascended with Mr. Lauriat into the air. He was cheered by the voices of the people ; and he waved a little flag back and

forth, in return. It was a pleasing scene, in which fear for the airy sailor was mingled with admiration of his skill and courage.

“ Mr. Lauriat had taken up with him a cat, enclosed in a cage, and to this cage a parachute was attached. When he had risen to the height of about a thousand feet, he let the cage go, and it came gently down like a snowflake, falling at last on a distant hill. The cat was taken up unhurt. The balloon gradually grew less and less to the vision, and finally it disappeared in a thick cloud, upon which the rays of the evening sun were now falling.”

Such was the account given of the scene by History ; and now Poetry began : —

“ O mother, it was beautiful. The balloon went up like a soap-bubble, and it sailed along on the air like a bird. I could hardly believe that it was not alive, it glided up and away so gently and so gracefully. And Mr. Lauriat, he looked so happy ! O, it was wonderful to see a man so high in the air, and yet so much at his ease. I felt afraid for him, and yet the scene pleased me the more. I wished to be with him, though I

know I should have been frightened. And yet it seemed so pleasing to go up in the air, and look down upon so many people, and to know that they were all looking at you, and that so many hearts were beating for you, and that so many were admiring you! It would be beautiful, indeed.

“And, mother, you must know that the balloon glided up and away so softly that it seemed like a dream fading from the memory. And at last, when it was like a mere insect in the vast blue sky, it stole into a cloud and hid itself, and then I had a feeling of sadness. Can you tell me why, mother?”

Here there was a pause, and the blue-eyed girl stood for a moment, as if expecting an answer. But Romance was impatient to begin; and her dark eye, shaded by the long, black lashes, seemed to grow larger and brighter as she spoke thus:—

“History has told you, mother, all the events that occurred, and she has accurately described them. Poetry has painted the scene, and made it clear and bright by comparisons. But I must tell you of the thoughts and feelings it awakened in my breast, and of

the fairy world in which I seemed to be, while I looked on the balloon.

“ When the balloon ascended, it seemed as if I went with it into a new scene. I think I have dreamed something like it, in my sleep, when my thoughts seemed like wings, and all around was fair and heavenly. As the balloon went up, I seemed to ascend also. I did not, at the moment, think how strange it was ; but I went on fancying myself with the balloon, and riding upon the air in that little boat. And I thought of the vast blue space around, and the earth beneath, and the heaven above, and I felt as if I was endowed, like an angel, with the power of rising upward, and seeing earth, and sky, and heaven, as others could not see them. And I felt a sort of happiness I cannot express.

“ As the balloon sailed farther and farther upon the airy sea, and as it grew less and less to the sight, like a ship that glides away upon the ocean, I began to think of the realms to which it seemed hastening. And at last, when it flew into the cloud, I did not perceive that it had disappeared. My eye was still bent upon the spot, and I fancied that I was

yet with it, and that I was sailing on and on, upon the blue deep, and among regions where the happy and the lovely dwell forever."

When Romance had reached this point of her story, the mother smiled, and History tittered aloud. Poetry, however, drew to her side, and seemed entranced with the tale of the dark-eyed girl. But Romance was dashed at the ridicule she had excited, and was silent.

Now, perchance, some of our waggish young readers, some of the roguish Paul Prys, may laugh at our story; but it is not without a design. Our purpose is to teach the meaning of the three words, History, Poetry, and Romance. History is a true record of events; and, accordingly, the little girl whom we call History, tells the exact story of the balloon. Poetry is a display of fanciful thoughts, and deals much in comparison; and so, our little Poetry gives a fanciful description of the scene, embellishing her tale by many illustrations. Romance is a picture of fantastic and extraordinary scenes and feelings; and our dark-haired maiden, who

deals in this, sets forth the fairy world of visions, and the sentiments that are reflected in her own breast.

All my readers have doubtless heard of the Nine Muses, goddesses of ancient Greece. One was called Clio, the muse of history ; one was Erato, the muse of poetry. I have sometimes fancied that the idea of these goddesses might have originated, among the fanciful Greeks, from perceiving the different ways in which different persons notice the same scenes — one being apt to remark upon events soberly and accurately, like our Miss History ; another being disposed to see them fancifully, like our Miss Poetry ; and another to weave a world of fiction out of them, like our Miss Romance.





THE VAIN SEARCH.

THE VAIN SEARCH.

THERE were once a brother and sister, named Fanny and James. On a certain occasion, they set out to go to school, and, as the weather was fine, they went hopping and skipping along, as lively and happy as the squirrels in the woods.

At one point of the road, from the top of a hill, they had a distant view, and, among many pleasing objects, they there beheld a beautiful blue lake, encircled by trees. The two children were charmed with it, and stood a long time gazing at the level water, and uttering many exclamations of delight.

At last, James turned to his sister, and said, in an earnest manner, "Let us go and see it."

"Nay," said Fanny, "we must go to school."

"But we can go to school afterwards," replied James.

"I am afraid we shall be too late," said the sister.

"O, no, no," said the boy, impatiently, and, taking Fanny by the arm, half drew her along, down the hill toward the lake. They now

left the road, and, crossing the fields, proceeded rapidly on their way. They soon reached some woods, and, entering them, still pushed on with eager steps. At length, they reached an open glade, and, catching a glimpse of the blue water between the trees, it still seemed as distant as before.

They were not discouraged, however, but again went forward for some time. At length, Fanny said to her brother, that they had better return, and go to school. James replied, that it was too late to get to school in season, and he thought the better way was to make a holiday of it. They would return home at the usual time, and their parents would know nothing about it.

"I don't like that plan," said little Fanny, "for our parents expect us to go to school, and, if we do not go, we disobey them. Besides, if we spend the day in play, and say nothing about it, and let our parents think we have been at school, we deceive them, and that is as bad as telling a lie."

"O, nonsense!" said James; "we'll tell them we got lost, or something of the kind. Don't you be afraid. I'll manage that matter; so, come along."

Little Fanny went forward, but she was sad at

heart; and James, too, conscious of disobedience and deception in his heart, felt unhappy; but he put on a brave face, and sang, or whistled, as he proceeded.

Again the two children came to such a position that they could see the little lake; and, strange to tell, it seemed about as far off now as when they first set out to visit it.

The fact was, they had been deceived; for the lake was much farther than it appeared to be. They had already spent two hours in their attempt to reach it; and, after some consultation, they concluded to give up their enterprise, and go back.

But now their task commenced. They had pursued no beaten path, and they had nothing to guide them in their return. The sky, which had been so clear in the morning, was now overshadowed with thick clouds. Uncertain of the course they ought to pursue, they still went forward, with trembling and anxious haste.

Coming at length to the foot of a cliff, they paused, being overcome with fatigue. James sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said Fanny. "We have lost our way, and shall never find our home again," said James. "We have lost our way, no doubt," said Fanny, "but I hope and trust

we shall find our way out of the woods. This is come upon us, James, because of our disobedience."

"I know it, Fanny," said James, "but it was my disobedience, and not yours, and I am so unhappy because my wickedness has brought you into trouble; and besides, I intended to deceive our parents. I cannot but wonder, now, that I should have thought of such a thing."

"Well, James," said Fanny, "let this be a lesson to us both; and now we must proceed, and try to find our way out of the wood." Accordingly, they went forward with great diligence; but, having rambled about for nearly four hours, supposing all the time they were going toward their home, they came back to the very spot, beneath the cliff, where they had sat down and rested themselves before.

They were now quite discouraged, and almost broken-hearted. They had picked some blueberries in their rambles, so that they were not very hungry; but their fatigue was so great, that, after lying side by side upon the sloping bank, for a while, they both went to sleep.

It was about midnight when Fanny awoke. She had been dreaming that she and her brother had wandered away, and got lost in the forest; that, overcome with fatigue, they had thrown

themselves down on the earth at the foot of a cliff, and fallen asleep, and that they were awakened from their sleep by hearing the call of their father, ringing through the solitude.

It was at this point of her dream that Fanny awoke. For a moment she was bewildered, but soon recollected where she was. She cast her eye about, and saw that no shelter was over her but the starry canopy of heaven.

She looked around, and could see nothing but the ragged outline of the hills against the sky. She listened, and seemed to feel that the voice heard in her dream was a reality, and that she should hear it again. But she now heard only the solitary chirp of a cricket and the mournful shivering of the forest leaves.

She sat some time, almost afraid to make the slightest noise, yet feeling such a sense of desolation that she must wake up her brother.

She was stretching out her hand for the purpose of waking him, when she seemed to hear the call of her father, as she had heard it in her dream. She listened intently, her little heart beating with the utmost anxiety.

She waited for several minutes, when, full and clear, and at no great distance, she heard her father call, "James!" The little girl sprang to her feet, and screamed, with all her might,

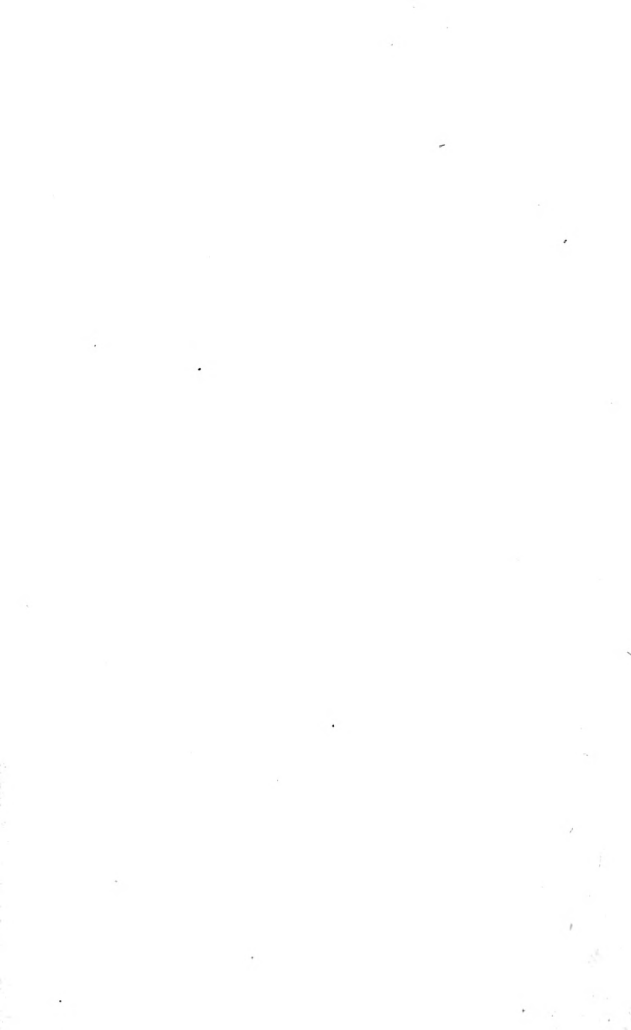
“Here, here we are, father!” James was soon awakened, and, with some difficulty, the father came down the cliff, and clasped his children in his arms.

I need not say that this painful adventure was remembered, by James and Fanny, long after they had ceased to be children; and they were both accustomed to say, that it was of importance to them through life, in impressing upon them the necessity of obedience to parents, and the wickedness of all attempts to deceive them.

Let me remark to my youthful readers, that, if pleasure ever tempts them to forsake the path of duty, I hope they will remember, that, like the blue lake which seemed so beautiful and near to the eyes of our little wanderers, and which was yet inaccessible to them, it will probably disappoint their efforts to obtain it.

THE END.







**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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